The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CONTENTMENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

If any line that I ever penned,
  Or any word I have spoken,
Has comforted heart of foe or friend,
  Has proven a blessed token
In any way, then my life, I'll say,
  Has reaped the reward of labor,
If aught I have said, or written, has made
  Gladder the heart of my neighbor.

If any deed that I ever did
  Lightened a sad heart's sorrow,
If I have lifted a drooping lid
  Up to the bright to-morrow,
Though the world knows not, nor gives me a thought,
  And never can know and praise me;
Yet still I shall say to my heart alway,
  That my life and labor repay me.

If in my way I have helped a soul,
  Or given a spirit pleasure,
Then my cup of joy I shall think is full,
  With an overflowing measure.
Though never an eye, but the one on high,
  Looks on any kindly action;
Yet, oh my heart, we shall think of our part
  In the drama, with satisfaction.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIX.

It seemed to Leonie Dormer that she must go utterly mad during her homeward drive. The last reproachful glance from Mark Lasley's eyes scorched like a flame into her soul, and heightened the fever burning there. She was conscious once or twice of stifling a shriek—knew that she sat there tearing the delicate lace handkerchief in her hand, but could not restrain herself—some outlet for her feelings she must have, or the last power of self-control would desert her.

She was home at last—and the rest of the day was spent in an agony of expectation worse than all that had gone before. Each time the door-bell rang she feared that it might be Lasley, come to torture her by demands for explanation, or worse yet, by the sight of his sorrow and trouble, his pleadings that at least she would promise that some time the whole mystery should be cleared, his assurances of affection, and all the wealth of tender words and looks that made her suffering still more intense.

He did not come—and then the reaction in her mind followed; he never would—she had lost him forever; even his friendship and esteem were taken from her, and she was utterly alone in the dark. No tidings either from Yates—no answer to her note—she must bear the intolerable burthen, ignorant what steps he might be taking in secret—unable to move hand or foot, agonized by a sensation such as a captive in a dungeon might have, bound and fettered, who hears the walls of his cell creak and strain, and knows that at any moment they may fall with a terrible crash, and can only struggle madly with his fetters and feel that every effort is vain.

Before the evening was over, Paul Andrews's insulting note was placed in her hands, and she learned that at least some glimpse of her secret was in the possession of another, unscrupulous almost as the man who had so long made her life a torment, who would be goaded on by the fact that he presumed upon her kindness when they met in the South-western city where she lived for a time, to think himself at liberty to tell her of his love, which was rejected with more curtness and scorn than it would have been, had she not just then learned the depths of degradation to which he had sunk since she first knew him in her girlish days.

Still another to trouble the tangled web of her life with his desire for revenge. It was not enough that she must stoop and despise herself for so doing, under the yoke of Philip Yate's dominion—it was not enough that she must have the angry tongue of an insanely jealous girl to wag against her—to have, oh, heavier weight, the misery of seeing the love of the one human being that she prized, wear slowly out under the mystery and concealment which shrouded her life; but now this creature, Paul Andrews, who had no place left among respectable people, save through the influence of his powerful relatives, must thrust himself in her way and taunt her with vague hints of his power to do her harm.

No wonder that horrible thoughts and fancies stung Leonie's soul like venomous asps; terrible promptings toward self-destruction before she lived to be the scorn of the world that was now at her feet—fierce desires to work vengeance upon all who assailed her and purchase peace at the expense of any crime, no matter how black and revolting. But they passed—some merciful angel brought back softer reflections, and her reeling brain staid itself on the old, old adjurations that had so many times kept her from utter madness—God never forgets! It was hard to trust in this rayless night—hard to believe in mercy here or hereafter—but she clung fast to that blessed promise, and crept away to bed, uttering the words over and over, to shut out the whispers that sounded like the counsels of evil spirits in her ear.

Days passed; no news from Yates; nothing to break the monotony but a letter from Mark Lasley. He had gone—he could not trust himself to see her again; whether they ever met must depend upon herself; a word would bring him to her feet—he would believe her against all suspicions or proof.

"And that word I cannot speak," she groaned. "God help me—I am indeed alone!"

She had troubled Milly no more since the rude message that followed her visit; she could not degrade herself further—let each and all do their worst—she had reached the climax of suffering—Mark Lasley was gone. And Milly believing that Leonie's visit had been intended as an added insult, only hated her more deeply, and by her bitter feeling added a new source of misery to the wretchedness that filled her days.

Everything and everybody was hateful to Milly then; sometimes the merry voices of the children drove her out of the house to escape them, then the brightness of the spring skies became a new torment, and she loathed the blessed sunlight that seemed to mock her misery.

She had gone out one afternoon to avoid Adelaide Ramsay who was spending the day with her mother, and had made herself more actively odious than usual, till Milly felt that she should certainly fly at the woman and do her a mischief if she did not get away from her presence.

She walked up the avenue and, tired of meeting chance acquaintances, turned down a side street toward the little square that spreads its green turf where the ill-fated crystal palace once stood. She entered the enclosure and walked up and down among the winding paths; there was no one to be seen but a few children playing here and there, too busy with their sport to notice her, and Milly wondered that any human creatures could be so glad. It was like looking back a thousand years to recall her own childhood—yet a few weeks before it had seemed so near, and so much of its thoughtlessness and innocence cast a fresher brightness over the new happiness which crowned her days.

She heard a quick, heavy step behind her and turned into another path, but as she came out into one of the main walks the tread followed—she looked up and found herself face to face with the stranger who had intruded upon her in Paul Andrews's library with that malicious threat which she had employed so unscrupulously in her passion.

She would have passed on without seeming to recognise him, but he stood directly in her way, and lifting his hat with profound courtesy, said gravely—

"I trust you have not forgotten me, Miss Crofton; did I startle you?"

It was painful to see him, because his presence recalled so vividly her own reckless act, and it was a new humiliation to feel that by her conduct she had given him a show of right to address her.

She gasped out something about being in haste, but though he waited politely for her to finish, he did not move.

"Don't think me impertinent," he said, with a manner that was winning in spite of the baldness of arresting her steps. "I wished exceedingly to speak to you and could find no opportunity. Happening to see you pass up the avenue, I ventured to follow."

"I don't know of anything you can have to say to me," she answered, recalling her courage and speaking with a good deal of determination. "Have the goodness to allow me to pass."

"You did not hesitate to speak with me once," sneered he, "when you thought I could say something that might serve you."

"If I did," returned Milly hardly, "it was because I met you in a house to which I had been invited—that gives you no right to accost me here."

"Only one moment—"

"You can have nothing to say to which I wish to listen," she interrupted.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked. "I think you found my former warning of use, and did not hesitate to employ it."

Milly's cheeks flushed with shame; in spite of her anger against Mrs. Dormer, she never could recall her own lack of generosity that night without self-reproach, and her lips had been sealed in regard to the woman from that hour.

"You used it," he went on, "and you saw how close it struck home! Have you no wish to enjoy the triumph again?"

"None," she answered; "Mrs. Dormer is nothing to me."

He looked disappointed and angry, but said with another sneer—

"You are more forgiving than the generality of your sex; I happen to know that you owe all your unhappiness to her arts."

"Go away!" exclaimed Milly, in terror and wrath. "Who are you? How dare you stop me in the open street and insult me with your words?"

THE EMPRESS SI-LING-CHI GATHERING MULBERRY LEAVES.

The Chinese rulers have always sought to encourage agricultural and manufacturing industry. Thus the Emperors, we are informed, never fail at the opening of spring, to guide the plough in person, ploughing in great state a few furrows, and sowing in them some seed. And thus we are told, that "the Emperor Hoang-ti, who lived 2,600 years before our era, wishing that Si-ling-chi, his wife should contribute to the happiness of his people, he charged her to study the silkworm, and to try to utilize its threads. Si-ling-chi caused a great quantity of these insects to be collected, which she fed herself in a place destined exclusively for the purpose; she not only discovered the means of rearing them, but still further the manner of winding off their silk and of employing it in the manufacture of fabrics. Afterwards, the Empresses, named by Chinese authors, according to the order of their dynasties, found an agreeable occupation in superintending the hatching, rearing, and feeding of silkworms, in making silk, and working it up when made. There was an enclosure attached to the palace for the cultivation of mulberry trees. The Empress, accompanied by Queens and the greatest ladies of the court, went in state into this enclosure, and gathered with her own hand the leaves of three branches which her ladies in waiting had lowered till they were within her reach; the finest pieces of silk which she made herself, or which were made by her orders and under her own eye, were destined for the ceremony of the grand sacrifice offered to Chang-ai."

"I only wished to serve you, Miss Crofton. I have a reason which you cannot divine."

"Nor do I wish to," said Milly. "Let me pass on, sir, and let this be the last time you ever presume to address me if we chance to meet."

"What a pretty little specimen of female gratitude," retorted he, with a careless laugh. "You had no scruples about speaking to a stranger when you wished to injure a sister woman; but now that your girlish anger is over, you suddenly discover the frightful impropriety of such a step."

Milly turned to leave him; she saw his face change quickly, and at the same instant a woman's voice close at her side said slowly:

"I congratulate you, Miss Crofton, on being able to walk out, and—to enjoy the society in which I find you."

Milly raised her head, and her eyes once more looked full into the pale, angry face of Leonie Dormer.

CHAPTER XX.

Leonie Dormer had been out that afternoon on an errand of kindness for Mrs. Fanshawe; some poor body in the narrow alleys of the busy street at the back of the square was to be helped, and Mrs. Fanshawe was unable to leave the house, so Leonie had willingly undertaken the task, glad of anything that might for a brief space take her thoughts away from the dismal contemplation of the dangers that surrounded her.

Crossing the square she came full upon the two, and of course her first thought was that she had interrupted an interview which boded ill for her own peace.

"I congratulate you truly, Miss Crofton," she repeated at the end of her bitter speech, which stung Milly as such words only could a woman from the lips of one of her own sex.

Before Milly could find voice to reply Philip Yates's mocking laugh rang out again. He lifted his hat courteously to Milly, and without paying the slightest attention to Leonie, walked leisurely away.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Dormer. "I must speak with you." He made no sign of having heard, and too much excited by the idea of losing sight of him again to remember where she was, she called more imperiously—"Stop, I say!"

He turned toward her with the sneer which made his handsome face absolutely revolting, while Milly stood gazing at the pair in dumb astonishment, which made her forgetful of the opportunity that offered to escape them both.

"I regret exceedingly," said he, "to be obliged to refuse any request of Mrs. Dormer's, but just at present it would be inconvenient for me to comply with it."

"I must speak to you," she repeated in a low, suppressed voice.

"I appreciate the honor," returned he; "at some future time I shall hope to enjoy that pleasure."

"Now and here," she exclaimed; "I have waited long enough."

"And I have waited, too," he said; "it is Mrs. Dormer's turn now."

Leonie had forgotten Milly's presence in her agitation, but as the girl turned to go, Yates added—"You forget that our conversation might not be interesting to Miss Crofton."

Leonie darted one glance of contempt at her which made the blood tingle in Milly's veins.

"Considering the understanding that evidently exists between you and this young lady I should doubt that," she said.

"Madam," exclaimed Milly, "I have no wish to see or hear anything in regard to you. This friend of yours was so impertinent as to address me—"

"Was it for the first time?" interrupted Leonie, with an insolent significance in her voice that she could not have restrained if her last hope of safety had depended on it.

Yates startled them both by laughing out again.

"Since it turns into a private discussion between you two ladies I withdraw," said he. "I only hope that so humble an individual as myself may not be the means of causing any unpleasant words between two such charming specimens of your truthful and consistent sex."

"You must not go—you shall not!" ordered Leonie. "Miss Crofton has talked with you—when or where she best knows—she has dared to fling your base insinuations in my face—now you shall inform me in her presence what she has been told."

"Shall?" repeated he, with the same galling composure.

"Yes," she said more vehemently; "you shall."

"Queen Zenobia may have used the words with some effect," returned he; "she could strike off people's heads if they disobeyed—the command has lost its power in these prosaic days."

"Then let her speak," pursued Leonie, turning passionately toward Milly again. "If you were not ashamed, Milly Crofton, to taunt me as you did—to let me know that you had met and listened to this man, at least have the courage to tell me all he said."

It had been on Milly's lips to cry out that she knew no more than she had spoken—that even the words she had uttered had no meaning to her mind; but the haughty anger in Leonie's face and voice, the under-current of scorn as if she despised herself for dealing with an antagonist beneath her, roused Milly to new defiance, and she would not spare the woman a pang by declaring the truth.

"It is an affair between you and this—this friend of yours, madam," she said sullenly.

"My friend?" laughed Leonie. "Ay, we seem friends, do we not? Your friend, Milly Crofton, you mean; I find you in amicable conversation with him—attempting some plot that may hurt and injure me further—"

"I think," interrupted Yates, "that if you are let alone you will do that more effectually than Miss Crofton and I could by our united efforts."

"You are not going?" she cried. "You shall not go till you or she has spoken out! I warn you, Philip Yates, I will bear this trifling no longer."

"I shall see you at a season convenient to myself," returned Yates, with a quiet brutality that he had not before shewn peeping out through the polish of his manner, "and not one moment before. What Miss Crofton knows she may tell you if she pleases—my words are not to be spoken at any command of yours, Leonie Dormer, however impressive it may be."

He carelessly drew the glove from his left hand and the emerald ring flashed in a thousand rainbows in the sunlight.

"Still safe you see, as Miss Crofton was kind enough to inform you, and so—farewell."

He walked rapidly away without looking back, though once more Leonie's voice rang out passionately—

"Philip Yates—stop!"

She moved forward a step as if with the intention of following him, then turned toward Milly again.

"Well?" she exclaimed, with angry question in her voice. "Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing," returned Milly. "I do not wish to speak with you—I sent you that word the other day."

"Then you are a coward as well as malicious and revengeful," continued Leonie rapidly. "You stab me in the dark, and when you have done your work, think to shrink away. Suppose I was as mean as you—what if I went to your aunt and told her with whom I found you to-day?"

"Possibly for your own sake—"

"My sake?" repeated Leonie. "Do you think I would hesitate—that I care for myself?"

"It really is a matter of indifference to me whether you do or not, madam, returned Milly, growing more defiantly sullen, as her companion's agitation increased.

"For shame!" exclaimed Leonie. "You are young—a mere girl—you ought to be gentle and kind, but you are hard as adamant—more cruel than any woman twice your age ought to grow, whatever her experience may have been."

"I am glad," Milly said, vindictively, though the words were false, and hurt her to speak, for she began to be moved. "Hard and cruel, do you say? Yes, I am very glad."

"Oh, I would not be you—I would not have your heart!" exclaimed Leonie, with a gesture of abhorrence. "But I could not do like you—I could not go to your aunt with this story, which would place you in so evil a light—you are safe—do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," retorted Milly.

"Only to be frank and honest—to tell at once what base calumny that man has whispered to you; with all your boldness, you are not brave enough to do that."

"There is no reason why I should tell—you."

"No reason? When it is I who am injured? Ah, Heaven, there is nothing human about you. To whom then would you tell it?"

"To no one."

"But I have a right to ask—you are bound to speak!" Then her voice changed from anger to a troubled tumultuousness that pierced through all Milly's hardness. "I

did not think you could be so cruel; if you were angry—but now, when we have not met for weeks—when you have had time to think; ah, well, go your way—I shall not tease you any more."

"He only told me what I repeated to you that night," said Milly, shivering under the recollection of that evening's misery. "I have no desire to pry into your secrets—I care nothing for them."

"And yet you could hurt me so out of mere girlish caprice!" sighed Leonie.

The words turned Milly's heart to fire again.

"You are a bad, false woman," she exclaimed.

A spasm of such keen pain and reproach crossed Leonie's face that in spite of herself she was impelled to add—

"But I did not wish to punish you—I did not mean to hurt you."

"Why did you?" asked Leonie.

"Oh, let me go!" exclaimed Milly. "Heaven willing, this is the last time you and I will ever exchange a word."

As she turned to leave her, Leonie cried out with a sudden pathos in her voice—

"Milly Crofton—why do you hate me so?"

It sounded like a fresh insult to Milly, and she glared at the woman with eyes that were cruel as words.

"I do not hate you," she answered; "I only despise and loathe you—for I know you as you are."

She darted down the path, but Leonie did not attempt to follow her. She stood gazing absently after the retreating form, and when it had disappeared, she walked slowly away into the shadow of the streets.

CHAPTER XXI.

Milly and her aunt went away into the country, accompanied by the children; away to a little cottage which was Milly's sole possession, where they had been in the habit of spending a few months of retirement almost every summer in order to be able to keep up the expenses of the winter.

Mrs. Gresham spoke vaguely always of "their place"—a little nest where she sought rest and domestic felicity, and though they were not and never had been the reasons that took her there, it was a spot in which a person might have been well content if in the mood to enjoy quiet.

The house was in the neighborhood of a village that seemed enjoying a Rip Van Winkle sleep, with its simple dwellings, its two or three shops to which the farmers' wives brought butter and eggs, and took in exchange all manner of marvellous finery to delight the eyes of their daughters, with its quaint inn where the same set of seedy loungers gradually grew more dilapidated and tobacco-stained as the years went by, its pretty church and school and all the appurtenances that go to make up a well-regulated hamlet.

The cottage was small, but it had a pleasant hall, a pretty parlor and book-room on one side, a long vine-covered porch, and it stood near a beautiful pine wood, with a smooth-sloping lawn in front—one might have played misanthrope in worse quarters with tolerable resignation. The scenery all about was lovely, with a little river, a tributary of the Hudson, in the middle distance, cultivated fields and bits of woodland on either side, and a range of blue hills closing in the distance far away, beautiful and mysterious as distant hills must always be.

Mrs. Gresham considered herself fond of the country, but her idea of enjoying it was to have an immense house and flocks of visitors, so that she never accepted the months at her hermitage save as a stern necessity. It had always been pleasant enough to Milly, though rather dull. In her youth and heedlessness she had not enjoyed to its full extent the peace which nature brings if we only seek her aright, and now she had lost the power.

There they established themselves and prepared to pass their summer, and what a summer it was—what a dreadful summer in every way. Milly wondered how she lived through it, but though the bloom wore out of her cheeks and the light out of her eyes, her health would not fail. Her aunt in a great measure ceased her allusions to the past, but there was winter between their hearts, and each blamed the other that it was so, and both were right and both in the wrong. Milly kept to the strict letter of their agreement, but it was in the spirit which makes one rush into martyrdom. She taught the children, she brought them on well, but the duties that might have been made pleasant were unendurable—she fairly hated herself and her charge. The children were quick to understand this; they complained of Milly's indifference, then Aunt Eliza found fault in a frigid, conscientious way, worse than her old petulance, and Milly was impatient or sullen, and everything was as bad as it could be.

The spring dragged heavily on into summer—the summer deepened to its prime, but it brought no change, no hope of peace to Milly or relief to her aunt. Maud was having a success at Newport—that was Mrs. Gresham's only consolation, and she could not forbear reading bits from her letters to Milly, and irritating her by hints of what she might have herself been doing, until the girl was shivering and white with pain and rage.

Her aunt thought her wholly to blame—she had driven Thorman away by her caprices and her bad temper. But in truth, no was more to blame than Milly, as men past their first youth always are when they want a wife because she is childish and young, and then grow impatient with the faults growing out of the very qualities they had desired, and forget that a girl capable of real, earnest love is capable of being led gently into a noble womanhood.

They were all wrong just as we all are in this world, but Milly's trouble was hardest to bear, because it was her first. As we grow older, we know that however dark the night it must pass at length, if it be only into the gray quiet of an autumn afternoon, but in a first suffering we do not understand this; besides that, the first clouding of the sky, the first obscuring of all beauty in life, is more terrible than when we have grown accustomed to seeing our flowers fade and our suns go down. Ah, no matter what comes after, misery, ruin, disgrace, there is nothing so overwhelming as the first swoop of affliction upon the undisciplined heart.

So they all struggled on after their different ways; Walter Thorman looking back into the past, from his foreign wanderings, with a keen regret, that deepened daily, as he found how difficult it was to take a new interest in life; Aunt Eliza, disgusted with young people generally; and Milly so rebellious and wicked that sorrow worked no good in her nature.

She was angry because with one wrench she could not tear the past out of her heart—she did not know that the pain left by the scar of a healed wound is more insupportable sometimes with its dull ache than the keenness of the first agony. Twenty times each day she said to herself that she hated the memory of the man who had wronged her—herself—the whole world—then ground her teeth with wrath because she was so intensely miserable.

She was in that state of mind when even sensible people do the most senseless things—sit on the wet grass—stare at the moon at unholy hours—eat and drink out of all season—and when the physical refuses longer to bear this ill treatment, added to the incessant henpecking of the soul, gives way and perishes, friends talk of their having died of a broken heart or consumption, or some other malady of which rational human beings have no business whatever to die.

Poor Milly, with her changed face, her mournful eyes, and her dark gloomy thoughts. She had no faith left in mankind: she grew cynical and fault-finding, discovered falsehood in the most trivial action, could see no justice on earth or in Heaven. You, with the freshness of your youth so far behind you, can perfectly understand the different stages of suffering through which she passed. There were the seasons when her crushed pride rose and helped her to loathe the recollection of her brief dream; and days and days when she could call up neither pride or hatred, could only crouch down under the sharpness of her despair, and moan like a wounded deer dying in its thicket.

Then would follow periods of dull mental vacuity, when she only seemed to vegetate, though all the time through her apathy she could feel the dull ache of her trouble like a bodily pain that is deadened by laudanum. The days were so long and dreary—the nights seemed endless! Either she had not energy enough to stir except as her duties compelled her, else she rushed forth to walk miles, until she actually sank down from sheer physical prostration; but whether she was shut up in the house, tortured by her own reflections, or wearing her strength out by over fatigue, the pain never would leave her heart.

Perhaps this sounds silly, but it is dreadfully true notwithstanding. It is terrible for the young to suffer, and Milly's was real suffering; it was no romance, no false sentiment from which she could recover and be all the stronger and wiser; hers had been the real love which comes once to every heart—and which deforms or distorts the soul or develops it to its fullest beauty, according as one bears the happiness or trouble which it brings, and Milly had not yet learned to bear hers wisely.

A brief visit from Hortense was the only break in the monotony. She was on her way with a party of wise people to visit the Mammoth Cave and other marvels of nature sufficiently grand to interest such lofty minds, and she stopped at the cottage for a few days, having arranged to join her companions again in some western city, where they were to tarry for a time in order that one of the Professors might illuminate the region by a course of his overpowering lectures.

Mrs. Gresham was divided between the pleasure of having a creature to whom she could talk and her fear of the extra trouble a guest would bring, and Milly comforted herself by the remembrance that it could have been worse—Adelaide Ramsay might have been the one to come.

Hortense was in the full tide of a freshet of botany and geology, and determined to turn these few days to account, that she might astonish her intellectual companions when she rejoined them. If she had been in a poetical mood, she would have expatiated upon the loveliness of nature—the glory of the hills—the poetry of the flowers—but in her present mania, she only saw in hills and rocks materials to be chipped with the little hammer she carried in her pocket, and she made great havoc among all the blossoms within her reach to get at their hearts and their anatomy, and called them divers learned and unbearable names, which seemed adding insult to injury.

She dragged Milly out with her on her expeditions, and while Hortense pounded away at the rocks, convinced that every particularly hard, ugly stone contained some wonderful mineral, or depopulated the gardens and fields of flowers and mosses, Milly sat perfectly unconscious of the stream of eloquence and wisdom poured out in her hearing, gazing always at the blue hills in the distance with a weary longing and unrest.

Hortense, like many people with minds, always declared that she never cared what she ate, but her little requirements drove the small domestic staff nearly crazy and irritated her mother dreadfully, while Milly was obliged to spend half her time in sewing up rips and tears in their visitor's gowns, because she had no idea of making a guy of herself in stout, ugly clothes, even if she was strong-minded and given to ologies.

"I could pass my life here," Hortense said again and again, with enthusiasm. "Here one could study in quiet, and feel one's mind expand undisturbed."

"I am sure you grumbled enough when you were a girl if you had to come here," retorted Mrs. Gresham one day, when she was not in a mood to listen to enthusiasm with patience.

Hortense did not choose to notice the remark.

"But alas," she went on, "there is so much else that it is one's duty to do! I take my hours of study from my time for repose; I must live in the bustle of the world, because there I can do the most good."

Mrs. Gresham quietly rose and left the room; her stock of patience had grown threadbare in these days, and when Hortense began galloping one of her hobby-horses so wildly about, it was more than she could bear. Milly was sitting in the open window; the morning lessons were over; she had some needle-work on her lap, but her hands were idle—her eyes were fixed on the distant hills.

"Milly," said Hortense, "I see a great change in you."

"I'm perfectly well," returned Milly impatiently. "Now don't begin to fancy there is anything the matter."

"You mistake," explained Hortense; "I meant a change in your mind—I see an altered soul look out of your eyes."

"Oh, Hortense, I can't be either poetical or transcendental, I warn you."

"You ought to turn all your trouble to a proper use—"

"I have none," interrupted Milly. "Two or three times you have talked to me as if I were a broken-hearted Lotitia Landon—please to understand that I am nothing of the sort."

"Milly, Milly, don't grow hard and common-place!"

"I want to," said Milly; "it is the only way to go through the world."

"Occupy your mind," cried Hortense; "study, think—enlarge your soul and your intellect."

"That is all very well for you who have not a care in the world! If you had to teach those children and do their sewing, I fancy you would be tired enough when night came without attempting any learned studies."

"What are your petty cares," demanded Hortense. "Look at my life—do I ever have an hour to myself? I attend to my hospitals, my schools, but I find time for intellectual improvement."

"Well, I don't want any," returned Milly shortly.

Hortense lifted her hands in horror.

"I knew Maud was an idiot and Adelaide not much better," she exclaimed, "but I did think that under all your girlish frivolity there was a soul which would sooner or later rouse itself."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Hortense; I dare say I am an idiot, too—but what difference does it make?"

"Difference?" moaned Hortense. "Think, oh think! Life is forever - we pass from one cycle of existence to another—we grow higher and not nobler and purer! Let us begin here the work of wisdom that must go on through eternity."

"That is the worst of it," said Milly in a dreary voice; "forever!"

"What do you mean, Milly?"

"Forever, you know—you said it! It's hard enough to live here, but to think that there will never be an end—that we must live on and on—oh, I would rather have been a stone."

"Are you a heathen, Milly?" questioned Hortense, looking at her aghast.

"I wish I was," said Milly; "they have a Juggernaut that kills one—ours rolls and crushes us and leaves life still."

"It is wicked to say such things! You might as well be an atheist as to talk like that."

But Milly was in one of those moods when neither religious teachings nor impulses can keep us from indulging in useless, impious thoughts, and Hortense possessed no eloquence that could bring her out of that state of mind.

"I don't see that it makes any difference whether we are wicked or good," said Milly; "we have nothing but trouble all the same."

"But trouble is good for the soul," pursued Hortense grandly; "it makes it grow and widen—used aright it is a magic wand that opens for us doors into the very heart of nature's mysteries."

Milly listened to her mixed metaphors with intense irritation and disgust. It was easy for her to talk—she who had never known a real trouble—whose queer old learned husband was a slave to her—whose whole life was sunshiny and pleasant.

"She's a greater fool than the other two," thought Milly, "though she does speak five languages and reads Arabic and knows Humboldt by heart—her learning has only made her more shallow."

"Suffering," pursued Hortense; "why, Milly, it is grand to suffer!"

"Much you know about it," retorted she. "Talk about your books and your ologies, Hortense; you do very well there, but when it comes to trouble, you are no more competent to speak of it than I am to teach Sanscrit."

Hortense was stupefied with amazement at the idea of there being any subject upon which she could not converse like one inspired.

"Milly," said she, compassionately, "you are growing cynical and ill-natured; you used to be a perfect little sunbeam—I don't know you any more."

Milly gulped down the old choking in her throat, caught up her work and began sewing industriously.

"I suppose it is a forewarning of old maidism," she answered, trying to laugh, and feeling sorry that she had snubbed Hortense, who at all events was kind and good-natured.

"Do you mean to be an old maid?" inquired her cousin, her thoughts taking another tack at once.

"Yes, very likely."

"Why don't you become a sister of charity?" cried Hortense enthusiastically. "You have no taste for books—you could never adopt one of the learned professions—but you might give up your life to duty and go about like a ministering angel among poor humanity."

"I don't care enough about humanity to wish to help it," replied Milly, stitching away at the child's frock.

"You are an enigma," said Hortense; "I will own it—you puzzle me."

"If I puzzle you any more than I do myself, I am satisfied," thought Milly, as she worked on.

Hortense was silent for a few moments, pulling a bunch of flowers to pieces and strewing their leaves over the carpet, for like so many persons gone mad after mental hobbies, she was by no means tidy in the pursuit. Just now her mania was distressing; the floor never was clean, and one stumbled over bits of rocks and fossils in all sorts of places where they had not the slightest business. She looked at Milly as if she had been some species of remarkable bird which she could not classify or comprehend, and it was very unusual with Hortense to have such feelings toward any one, priding herself on her ability to read character.

"You would be an interesting study, Milly," said she presently. "I wish Mrs. Tongney could be with you for a time—mental peculiarities are quite her forte."

"Do you think I am a musty old botany that anybody may peep into at will?" cried she; "or that I can be chipped at by anybody's hammer as you do the rocks?"

"Don't be violent, Milly—always restrain yourself in any discussion. Dear me, how odd you have grown."

Milly threw down her work and passed out on the lawn, repeating Hortense's words to herself. Odd indeed—strangest of all to herself—and the worst of it was that nothing could bring her old self back, nothing could ever set the crooked life straight.

"Nothing," Milly said to herself again and again; "nothing."

She looked up at the clear summer sky, with its masses of fleecy white clouds sailing away toward the south—afar off to the misty hills—and her very soul sickened within her. The light wind stirred the maple boughs and shook fragrance from the hearts of the blossoming vines; the sunshine was golden and soft; the day balmy and beautiful, but there was no power in the brightness that could warm Milly's heart, no spell in the calmness of the day that could quiet her wounds.

Very soon the children espied her and came out with multifarious requests, with all of which Milly complied, but there was no earnest in it; she felt no pleasure in gratifying them—she was only determined to do her duty, and in the hardest, most uncompromising way.

"Cousin Milly," cried Alice suddenly, when the kink in her French vest had been set smooth, "why don't you act as if you loved me any more?"

"What a foolish question," said Milly.

"No, it isn't, cousin! Last winter you used to play with us, and come into the nursery to show us how beautiful you were in your ball dresses, and we loved you so—but now you never play with us, and you never tell us stories—why don't you?"

The words came at a moment when they touched Milly; she leaned her hands on the child's flaxen curls and wept piteously; tears which did her more good than any had done in a long time, seeming to wash away a little of the bitterness in her soul.

"Don't cry, cousin Milly," pleaded Alice, frightened at this unexpected response to her childish expostulations. "I didn't mean anything—please don't cry—don't."

"Let me cry, Ally—it does me good."

That was incomprehensible to the little one, in whose mind tears were associated with ill-learned lessons or offence to mamma, or some other enormity of like nature, but with the odd intelligence of her age able to sympathize with that emotion which she could not comprehend, she just remained holding fast to Milly's hand and never uttered another word.

The tempest passed; Milly wiped away the scalding drops, kissed Alice, and said:

"You mustn't tell anybody how foolish I was, Ally."

"Indeed, I won't never tell nobody," returned the child, becoming all negatives in her earnestness. "But oh, Milly"—with her eyes like saucers—"have you been bad?"

"Nobody is any too good," returned Milly evasively. "But I liked to cry—it has made me feel better."

"I'm glad of that—but it's queer," said Alice, looking puzzled. "But I'll not tell, Milly, and I won't bother you so much any more, now I know you are sorry about something."

She ran off to find her sisters, and Milly walked about the garden until she had sufficiently regained her composure to be presentable before her aunt and Hortense. But when she went into the house Mrs. Gresham was nodding over a stupid novel and Hortense deep in one of Professor Drivler's printed lectures, and neither noticed her.

"I need not have been afraid they would see there was anything the matter," thought Milly. "Unless I lay down and died before their eyes they would never discover there was anything wrong."

Hortense's visit came to an end, and she proceeded on her expedition in high spirits, leaving the house very quiet after the rustle of her silken trains and the incessant rat-tat of her geological hammer had died out of it.

Then there were more letters from Maud and a few from Adelaide. They were enjoying their summer at Newport to the fullest extent, and Maud was having really a triumph—she was quite the belle of the season Adelaide wrote; that is, unmarried belle, for Mrs. Ramsay could not make up her mind to believe that girls were ever so much admired as their wedded sisters.

Mrs. Gresham was willing to bury herself until winter in order to give Maud a brilliant season, but the seclusion so foreign to her tastes did not tend to make her more amiable, and she had still to cast little flings at Milly for being there, buried alive, teaching the children and mending old clothes, when she might have been displaying bridal paraphernalia to the envy of every feminine heart at Newport.

Oh, those bright golden days, how long they seemed to Milly; worse a thousand times than clouds and tempests would have been—she could have found something responsive in the howl of the blast and the fury of a tornado, but the drowsy, indolent quiet of those summer days nearly drove her wild.

"And this must go on," she thought, "for weeks, months, years—as long as I live! My youth has gone from me, my power of enjoyment has gone, there is nothing left but the bare husks of life. I feel as if I were travelling a straight road under a gray November sky—not a turn—not a hillock—not a tree to rest under—only the endless stretch of white road, and the dust getting into my eyes, and I growing always more weary and more faint.

"And one can't die! Suffering doesn't kill people. I know I look different—older and paler, and I always feel so tired—but nothing ails me—my health won't fail—I have got to live. I wonder I didn't kill myself at first; it would have been wicked I suppose, but could the punishment have been any worse than that I endure here? Never to have any end—never to be any different if I live to be an old, old woman.

"What will become of me at last? When my aunt dies I shall be alone in the world. I could teach then—there would be nobody's pride to save—the girls would not care, so I never troubled them. It would be better than being idle with nothing to do but feel this ache at my heart—day and night—day and night."

Such were often Milly's thoughts, and the glad summer wore on and still there came no relief. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The French Officers and Their Horses.

Herr Wickede, publishing his impressions of the French prisoners from Sedan, says at Pont-a-Mousson the officers had to dismount in order to continue their journey by railway. Many parted from their horses which had faithfully borne them through all the fatigues and dangers of the war with indifference, but others tenderly caressed their horses, and appeared to feel the parting. One really embraced his charger, putting his arms round its neck, stroking and caressing it, and uttering all kinds of flattering words. The horse seemed to understand its rider, and was unusually insinuating and affectionate, as is frequently seen in the East. At last the officer underwent an internal struggle, snatched his sword from its sheath, and plunged it into the horse's heart, killing it on the spot. Without troubling himself about the saddle and bridle, he then walked away, and entered the railway carriage with his comrades.

☞ The Tulare, California, Times gives some of the products of Tulare county this year, as follows:—Corn, 23 feet high, with 11 perfectly developed ears on one stalk; onions, 18 inches one way and 15 the other; apples and peaches, 12 and 14 inches in circumference; sweet potatoes, weighing 13 pounds and 9 ounces; castor-bean bushes, 16 feet 5 inches high; musk-melons, 59 pounds; and watermelons, 200 pounds weight.

☞ The ideas of one age are institutions of the next.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Dec. 3, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Black Sea difficulty is still unadjusted. The note of the Russian Minister in reply to Earl Granville, is described as "calm and firm, but yields nothing."

A dissolution of the British Ministry is probable, and the formation of a War Ministry, with Earl Russell at the head. Russell has published a letter in the Times, in which he says: "If the Czar proposes to set aside, by force, the treaty of 1856, by force let us meet him—and the sooner the better." And there is little doubt that this represents the spirit of the English people.

In France both the Prussian and French forces seem to be concentrating for a decisive battle, which will probably decide the war. It would seem as if the French had now more men under arms than the Prussians, but the latter are veterans. Still the result is far from certain.

A STRONG-MINDED MISS.

Miss Sarah F. Norton must be very strong-minded indeed—in fact very little else than mind—if she really expresses the following opinion, which we see imputed to her pen:—

"Every parent should be compelled, by law, if necessary, to give her children up at the age of five years, or before they had received any kind of tutoring, to the absolute supervision of industrial schools; to be nursed, if need be, and boarded, clothed, and educated. This for several reasons: the first of which is, that without parental coddling, children would the sooner learn self-reliance; and without parental interference, their training would be more uniform and thorough."

RUNE.

The meaning of this word does not seem to be generally understood, and in poetry especially the word is often falsely used. It was simply the Runic letter or character. According to Webster, the Northmen had a peculiar alphabet, consisting of sixteen letters or characters, called Runes, the origin of which is lost in the remotest antiquity. The signification of the word Rune (mystery) seems to allude to the fact that originally only a few were acquainted with the use of these marks, and also that they were mostly applied to secret tricks, witchcrafts, and enchantments. But the Runes were also used in communication by writing.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE.—We call the attention of our readers both in city and country to the advertisement of Winchester & Co. We have had dealings with this firm, have found them prompt and reliable, and their shirts well fitting, comfortable, and moderate in prices.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHARITY HURLBURT. By C. C. Published by Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

DOUBLE PLAY; OR, HOW JOE HARDY CHOSE HIS FRIENDS. By WM. EVERETT, author of "Changing Base," "On the Cam," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The author of this volume, who is a son of the late Edward Everett, seems to have been quite successful as a writer of boy's books. Two of his stories, "Changing Base," and "Double Play," are now before the public, capitally written, healthy and hearty in tone. The preface to the latter, just published, is quite a literary curiosity.

SNAIL-SHELL HARBOR. By J. H. LANGILLE. Illustrated. Published by Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

INTO THE HIGHWAYS. By Mrs. C. E. K. DAVIS. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A very pretty little book for children.

A RENT IN A CLOUD. By CHARLES LEVER, author of "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

SONGS OF SEVEN. Author's Edition. By JEAN INGELOW. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December contains "Confessions of a Patent Medicine Man," "The Prayer-Seeker," "Old-town Fireside Stories," "Resemblances between the Buddhist and the Roman Catholic Religions," "Joseph and his Friend," "A Strip of Blue," "Afoot on Colorado Desert," "A Virginian in New England Thirty-five years ago," and other sketches and papers. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and Illustrated Magazine for the People. Conducted by J. G. Holland. Contains "The Street Venders of New York," "Jail Birds and their Flights," "The Hoosac Tunnel," "Natasqua," "The Abbott Paphnutius," "On to Berlin," "Lifted," "A Peep Behind the Scenes," "A Day with the Brownings at Pratolino," "The Last Letter," "Huldah the Help," "Wilfrid Cumbermede," and other articles. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for November. This contains ten chapters of a new novel called "Poison of Asps," and the usual number of miscellaneous papers. The sketch of John Ruskin is interesting, though we do not like the portrait much; and an article upon the "Life of Flowers," is quite fascinating. The drawings of Mr. Harry Fenn, entitled "Picturesque America," surpass all the other engravings in this number in their striking beauty. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. For December. Contains "A Roving Commission," "The Appian Way," "Louie," "Florida," "The Real Condition of the South," "Chit-Chat from Andalusia," "Irene," "To-day," "The Geysers of California," "Cacoethes Scribendi," "Expansion or Contraction?" "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "A Vision of the Hour," "Our Monthly Gossip," "Literature of the Day," etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC. For 1871. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, and also for sale by the Central News Company, Philada.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Editors, Prof. Henry Morton, Ph. D., and W. H. Wahl, Ph. D., assisted by the Committee on Publications. For November. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY. By S. R. WELLS, Editor of the Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated. Published by Samuel R. Wells, New York; and for sale by all newsmen.

THE NURSERY. A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, "Our Boys and Girls." Monthly Part for November. Contains Oliver Optic's new story, Desk and Debit, or Catastrophies of a Clerk. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE OLD GUARD. For November. Published by English & Co., New York.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. Published by George W. Childs, Philada.

☞ Two old friends met. After the usual greeting one proceeded to say: "My horse took fright this morning, and it was almost a miracle that I escaped being dashed to pieces. I am safe, and without a bruise even—thanks to Divine Providence!" The other answered: "I rode to town without even the thought of fright—thanks to Divine Providence!"

☞ A BAD PRACTICE.—The Buffalo Express rightly says: Keeping children after school is, in every respect, a bad practice. It annoys both teacher and pupil, and is an evil which perpetuates itself. Pupils who are kept after school usually go home out of humor with teacher and school generally. It should be a constant aim to arrange things in such a way that every pupil may go home feeling happy. The result aimed at by this practice may, in most cases, be reached in other ways. The natural consequence of poor lessons would seem to be falling in rank. In graded schools, pupils who miss their lessons, may be placed in lower classes, even in a lower department.

☞ GREAT CROPS.—The Aroostook (Maine) papers are bragging of great crops. Mr. Hayden, of Presque Isle, got 700 bushels of potatoes, 25 of shelled corn, 7 of beans, and 1,000 good pumpkins from three acres.

☞ The courts decide that all railroad tickets are good until used, the condition "good for this day only" being of no value—according to judicial decisions. Conductors will please take note of this fact.

☞ Brigham Young has recently started a bank at Salt Lake City. The checks are made to read "to the credit of the Lord."

☞ "Interviewing reporters" seem to be great falsifiers. Almost invariably the "interviewed" deny the truth of their reports.

The Volcano of Mauna Loa.

[An extract from an unpublished Journal of a Voyage Round the World in 1859-60, by the author of "Two Years Before the Mast."]

The islands are much excited over an eruption of Mauna Loa, on Hawaii, and its striking phenomenon of an outflow to the sea.

As a visit to Hawaii is part of my plan, I hasten it a little, lest I be too late for the sights. The 5th of October I take passage in a little native schooner for Kawaihae; and after rolling about for several days in the long heavy swell of the Pacific, in dead calms, so near Lahaina that an hour's row would have set us ashore there, and enduring as well as I could for five days the smells of the crowded natives and their food, we came to anchor off a beach in the northwestern corner of Hawaii.

Here is a temple, or huge alter, a large pile of coral stones, with no roof, terraced down to the plain, built by Kamehameha the First, in his days of heathenism. I roamed about the spot, enjoying the unspeakable beauty of the tropical scenery and temperature, until evening, when I engaged a native boat to take me to the outflow. Never can I forget the charm of this night. If you have never been on an island of the Pacific tropics, read the first two stanzas of Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters," and fancy may do the work of experience.

"In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

The "slumbrous foam" broke in sheets lazily over the outposts of coral reefs, the moonlight waved upon the long swell, the gentle trade-wind breathed over us an exquisite breath, neither hot nor cold, and our little boat with its keeled outrigger, moved over the fairy scene in silence, the bow scarce making a ripple against the silvered surface of the sea.

When the wind raises itself a little, as it does ever and anon, a native lies out at his length on the outrigger, and so keeps the boat on an even keel. A drowsiness comes over us all, which is broken as soon as we round the point, and the glaring fires of the volcano burst upon our sight.

But how different is this from all views of volcanoes of which I have ever read! The crater from which this outflow comes, is forty miles from the sea, and some ten or twelve thousand feet above it. There is a lurid light above the crater seen in the Heavens, and reflected over land and sea: but there is no eruption into the air. There is only a steady flow of deep, wide streams of lava. These move at a very slow rate, and find their way, by dint of good engineering, to the sea. They pour into a valley for days until they have filled it to the height of its outer hill-side, and then hurry in fierce and rapid tumult down its sides until they bridge a river, or gully out an obstruction, or, after long debate, make up their mind to go round it, although it shall delay them for days. In this slow way the mass travels sea-ward, now in one vast stream, of one, two, or three miles wide, and now in detachments. All who have seen a course of lava know how soon its fiery red, left in repose, crusts over with a slate-colored scum, and how soon this crust, if unbroken, cools and hardens, so as to be passable on foot. These processes had been at work on this stream so long that no uniform course was visible to the eye. But long lines of miles in length were crusted and hardened over, the lava flowing under this surface; and here and there, like ranges of potteries in Staffordshire, seen at night, the red spots appeared, looking like little long lakes of crimson water.

The outflow into the sea had already worked wonders. It had filled up a harbor, and numerous fish-ponds, worked itself out in the form of moles and breakwaters, made new harbors, and new reefs and headlands, all the while burning, sputtering, and hissing at its vast, titanic labors. The space occupied by the outflow was about three miles in width. Not that a sheet of lava three miles wide was always flowing into the sea; but that was the width given up to its operations. Sometimes, for minutes together, there was no flow along the entire line. Then, overcoming the opposing mass of rocks, earth, and trees it had borne along and heaped up before it, the lava mounted over it and poured itself into the tranquil sea, hissing and steaming, with continuous explosions, as of fire-arms and small artillery, and sending up into the air steady rising clouds of vapor. Then this effort subsides; this spot becomes quiet; and the assaulting force breaks over at the other end of the long line. Sometimes several points are stormed and carried at once, by the blood-red invader of the sea, with rattling and roaring of musketry and artillery, and rising clouds of vapor. Old Ocean feels the unwonted heat far out into its depth. I went as near it as I could persuade the natives to take their boat. They were afraid, partly, no doubt, from the remains of their old superstitions. Peli, the goddess of wrath, had her seat on this mountain-top, and the eruptions of her fury carried terror into the hearts of the people. Peli is still, under their Christian civilization, the name for a volcano, as our own word is derived from Vulcan. They pretended that the heat of the water would injure the boat and open her seams, and I was obliged to stay at, perhaps, a safer distance. Putting my hands over the gunwale, I found the water warm, and at times as hot as I could comfortably bear it.

For hours I lay rocking in the little boat in silence, for the natives did not speak, giving myself up to the impressions of this wonderful scene—wonderful in its display of the power and grandeur of physical forces in their conflicts—wonderful in the combination of wrathful vehement action on land, with the magnificent repose of the great ocean; the fascination of the short space given up to the contest; the long, dimly traceable line of march of the lava, its occasional camp fires burning along its course, from the red crater, so far in the inland; and all under the canopy of a tropical night, of moon and stars and gentle winds, over mountains, hills, and valleys, where the strange forms of palms and cocoa-trees are visible;

"And in the heavens that clear-obscure,
So deeply dark, and darkly pure;"

until the approach of dawn made me release the weary natives from their unwelcome duty; and we glided away from the supernatural scene, around a high point, through roofs of tumbling foam, coming, at daybreak, into the quiet haven of ancient Kailua.

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

NOTHING LIKE MORAL COURAGE.

"You look quite light and airy, miss," said the old Castle Wall to the Flagstaff, which had just been painted white, and was going to be fastened to him as a buttress.

"No weight to speak of," said the Flagstaff, too much flattered with the compliment to confess that when her iron girdles were taken into account she was not a feather. "You are very strong, I suppose; they say the rocks will fall when you come down?" she added, inquiringly.

"I ought indeed to be as strong as the cliff I rest on—I have withstood the ravages of war, and the elements for centuries," said the old wall, proudly—though he knew very well that he was cracked, and that he shook occasionally on his foundation, being rather top-heavy.

"Ah, well, I am happy in having so firm a support," said the Flagtaff, conscious that she needed it, and wondering if he wouldn't find her a burthen.

"And I rejoice in so graceful a companion," said the old wall, ashamed to confess that his own weight was enough for him, if not too much.

That night a heavy gale blew, and the old wall, unable to sustain its additional pressure, toppled over into the sea and carried the Flagstaff with it.

Courage to tell the truth on either side, would have saved both of them.

A HINT TO MEDLERS.

A little white rose bloomed all by herself in a nook in the hedge.

"Ah!" cried the wind in passing, "what a pity you should be suffocated there! I will blow a hole in the hedge, and the breeze shall find you through it."

"I pray, sir, you will leave me as I am—I breathe well enough," said the rose.

"I know better," said the wind, and rent the hedge as he passed on, and the boys rushed through and made her tremble with fear.

"You are not well placed there," he said, as he came by again; I will give you a better berth than that."

"I beg you will leave me as I am, I like my place well enough, if it were not for the *gap you made*," said the rose.

But the wind would not listen; he broke her stem, and she fell to the ground.

"Oh, you mustn't lie there!" he cried; "I will carry you to the spot that will suit you exactly."

"Nay, I entreat you to let me lie and fade in this pleasant grass," said the rose, beseechingly; but he caught her up, and whirled her on a few yards, when her petals were scattered, and her leafless stem was cast on the hedge.

"How is this?" exclaimed the wind.

"How is it? *this* is how it is," replied the hedge; "there are some folks that are never satisfied but when they are meddling in other folks' affairs; they think nobody can be happy except in their way; and you are one of them, and this bare stem is a specimen of your work."

SELF-HELP.

"Pray, miss, is the tide going out?" asked a shrimp of a cockle.

"I really don't know," said the cockle, "ask that old crab."

"I'm afraid of him, miss," said the shrimp.

"Well, ask those limpets," said the cockle.

"Dear, miss, they have their backs to the sea, how can they tell?" said the shrimp.

The cockle recommended him to several others, while she herself was making the best of her way to the water.

The shrimp ran about, first to one, then another, getting a different answer from each.

"You see, miss, they contradict one another!" he cried, "the waves come forward sometimes, sometimes they go backward, and I have had so little experience, I don't know what to be at, pray advise me what to do?"

"Follow me, never mind asking the opinions of others; if you keep on seeking the waves till you find them you are sure to be right," said the cockle; "if the tide is coming in, it will shorten our journey; if it's going out, all the more need for exertion, lest we should be left to perish on the sands."

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

The new pier strutted into the sea, exulting in its elegance, beauty, and strength.

"You see me?" she said, with a supercilious air to the gray old rocks beside her.

"Ay, we see," responded the rocks.

"You see my legs—so long, so strong, so graceful?"

"Ay, we see."

"You see my joints and screws, all patent?"

"Ay, we see, we see."

"You see my brilliant colors, and how I glitter in the sun? and you see how the people admire me as they walk up and down, after they have paid their penny?'

"Ah, ay, we see it *all*," said the rocks, tired of her vanity.

"Now," she began again, "you are *very* gray!"

"Very," said the rocks.

"And ragged!"

"And ragged," said the rocks.

"Old, and seamed, and rough, and tufted with sandy weeds, and stuck about with limpets!"

"Quite true," said the rocks.

"Then why is it that I am ever left alone, and you have all the company?" asked the pier.

"When do you see it to be so?" asked the rocks.

"When there is a good gale," said the pier.

"Any other time?"

"Yes; when the sun is scorching overhead."

"Understand," said the rock, "a pier is a pretty promenade for half an hour's amusement in fair weather—but when the storm rages or the heat overwhelms, your paint and screws, and joints and legs, are useless to give shelter or protection, so the company prefer coming for them to us, though we are gray, ragged, seamed, rough, and tufted with sandy weeds, and stuck about with limpets. A gay acquaintance is all very well, but something more is wanted to make a friend!"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—17,000 bbls City Mills sold at $4.25@5.00 for superfine; $4.50@5.25 for extra; $5.50@6.75 for Northwest extra family; $6@6.25 for Penna family; $6@7 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7.25@8.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—350 bbls sold at $5@5.12½.

GRAIN—Wheat—40,000 bus sold at $1.39@1.42 for Indiana red, $1.35@1.42 for Ohio red, $1.15@1.38 for Penna red, and $1.15@1.22 for Delaware red, $1.42@1.45 for amber, and $1.46@1.55 for white. Rye—Sales of 3000 bus at 90@98c for Penna and western. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 78@83c for new yellow, 88@90c for old yellow, and 85@87c for old Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 70,000 bus at 55@56c for white, and 52@54 for mixed.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $22@24; clear at $26, and extra prime at $17. Mess Beef at $20.50@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30@31. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 19@20c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 15@16c; sides at 14½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 11½ 12½c for new. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 14½@15c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@30c ₩ lb. Eggs—Sales at 37@40c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 15@16c ₩ lb.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $26 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@7½c for Apples, and 8½@9c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1.50@2 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,20; mixed, 90c@$1,05; Straw, 1,10@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $31@32; No 2 at $29.50@30. Bar Iron sells at $75 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—2000 lbs sold at $6.40@6.50. Timothy at $4.75@5. Flaxseed at $2.10@2.15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3200 head. The prices realized from 5½@9½cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 4@6c ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $10,00 to 10,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have run a Grover & Baker Machine ten years on all kinds of clothing, from heavy wear for farmers to the lightest material, and it is yet 'O. K.' and as good as new."—*Chas. W. Cathcart, Westville, Indiana.*

Sea Moss Farine.

This is a new article of food, which we take pleasure in commending to our readers. We have used it in our families and have found it to be the most nutritious, delicate and palatable article for table use we have seen.

It is a light and agreeable farina, very pleasant to the taste, easy of digestion, and hence specially adapted to the use of the sick, the thousands of dyspeptics among us, and for young children; besides the Sea Moss, its principal ingredient, has many curative properties, and is highly recommended for pectoral and scrofulous affections, and is perfectly harmless.

Here, then, we have an entirely new article of food of the most delicate and inviting character, adapted to the use of the table for blanc mange, puddings, Charlotte de Russe, etc., and almost invaluable for use by the invalid. It is simple, delicate, nutritious, harmless, remedial and economical, as it can be furnished for one-third to one-half the cost of corn starch, maizena, farina, etc., for all of which it is more than a substitute.

It is made up without trouble, and will always be good. Try it; and our word for it you will continue in its use.—*Independent.*

Sozodont.

All dentrifices had their drawbacks, until the salubrious bark of the soap tree was brought from the Chilian valleys, to perfect the fragrant SOZODONT, the most wholesome, reliable and delightful article for the teeth, that a brush was ever dipped into.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," always up to the sticking point.

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 350 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over man or animals at will; how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem; Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers 75. NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

nov19-6tco*.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1871, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected.—Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world.

dec3-5t

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES, tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades and gives weight and quality of the cases with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from $16 upwards, and the Gold Watches from $70. When you write for a price list, state that you saw this notice in the

Address HOWARD & Co., 785 Broadway, New York.
nov12-4t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov10-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.
oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. PORTER C. ATWOOD to Miss KATIE E. EVANS, both of this city.

On the 20th of Nov. by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. WILLIAM A. STRUBEL to Miss LILLIE E. JANE TEST, daughter of Calvin H. Test, Esq.

On the 16th of Nov., by the Rev. Geo. Bringhurst, Mr. HENRY L. MYERS to Miss ELIZABETH F. DAVENPORT, both of this city.

On the 4th of Sept., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM C. BUTLER to Miss SALLIE W. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. JOHN HARTMAN to Miss EMILIE L. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. J. R. Miller, Mr. CHESTER G. BLISS to Miss REBECCA J. MAHAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Nov., GEORGE SUMMERS, aged 71 years.

On the 22d of Nov., GEORGE W. OSBORN, in his 18th year.

On the 21st of Nov., WILLIAM T. SMYTH, in his 61st year.

On the 21st of Nov., Mrs. CATHARINE HOUCK, aged 81 years.

On the 20th of Nov., WILLIAM C. PETER, in his 28th year.

On the 10th of Nov., JOHN ADAMS, in his 64th year.

On the 19th of Nov., GEORGE J. JOHNSTON, in his 58th year.

On the 19th of Nov., JAMES CATTELL, in his 59d year.

On the 18th of Nov., at Norristown, Montgomery co., Miss MARY CASTNER, in her 77th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving)	$2.50.
2 copies,	$4.00
4 "	8.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it *for two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c. —See terms on the second page of this paper.

BY THE SEA.

I

It is the day and hour
That are sacred to thy power,
And the sunlight flings its sparkles on the wave;
The billows roll and roar,
As I wander on the shore,
But, Bel Morton, thou art sleeping in the grave.

Three rapid years ago,
As we watched the ebb and flow,
And the running line of surf along the l
Wrecked lay the fisher's boat,
And with playful hands we wrote
Words of friendship true and high upon sand.

But now thou liest still,
Thou once so strong of will,
Where the mournful Southern breezes and moan;
Still the bewitching mouth,
With the sweetness of the South,
Still the curls by the salt sea-air outblow

Naught, naught of change is here—
The sun shines down as clear,
The waters glad the smooth sea-reaches l
The billows dash and play,
As the billows dashed that day,—
Oh, Bel Morton, art thou changed wit thy grave?

Oh, friend, so warm and brave,
Oh, friend, to dare and save
So bold above the ranges of the time,
Hast thou no word to say?
Art thou indeed Death's prey—
Mute spectre of his cold and shadowy clir

Or in some world of light,
Beyond this orb where night
Divides the rule with gladness and the d
On some sublimer shore
Dost thou wander 'mid the roar,
And dream of those still struggling in clay?

II.

In youth we cling to breath,
We will not hear of death,
In this or future worlds we will not cease to be;
To go to whence we came,
All blown out like a flame,
Seems like an evil thought or wild insanity.

Time tames our heated blood,
Dashes our hopeful mood,
We win not what we would, we lose what most we prize;
Our friends grow cold and fall,
Faces we love grow pale,
We close the white lids o'er the tender, trusting eyes.

Weary and sad and worn,
Failure and sorrow torn,
Existence grows to seem a poorer, meaner thing;
The thought of dying all,
As leaves and roses fall,
Loses in part its olden bitterness and sting.

Here then our sad thoughts rest,—
What God has willed is best,
Be it to lie down thus to utter, darkest night,
Never to speak or move,
Never to think or love,
But to dissolve, and pass in other forms to light—

Or in a happier sphere
And purer air than here,
Take up the flawey soul and mould it all anew,
Each blemish to efface,
To deepen every grace,
And through the eternal ages grow more wise and true.

But we have faith that high
In the o'erarching sky,
And stellar spaces vast by suns and comets trod,
Hid from our mortal sight
Midst finer, rarer light,
Lies the great world of Soul and Spirit, nearer God.

H. P.

The German Confusion of Tongues.

A Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes:—

It is amusing to get among a squad of soldiers as one sometimes finds them in the hospitals, and hear the difference and often confusion in their language. Many cannot understand each other at all, especially of those living in widely separated rural districts. The people of the cities and the educated classes speak the same language everywhere, yet even among these a Munich soldier uses words that a Berliner never heard. The Hamburgers are accused of speaking flat, the Saxons of singing, the East Provinces of a Polish, and the Pfalz of a French accent, and so on, each thinking that he speaks the correct German, and being surprised that others speak differently. Germany offers a very Babel in its languages. This war is having the good effect—the opposite of that of the Babel scattering—of bringing the people together and working a unity in their manne and views. The unity of Germany won nardly be possible without some such prev ous unity of the people. We experience some good from this source of our war, breaking down sectional and sectarian diffe ences; but here there is much more need is, there being more difference in the cu toms within fifty square miles than one w find between the Atlantic and the Mississip Among the French the difference is perma still greater, as the prisoners abundant illustrate. Both French and Germans spe of the "literary" language (i. e., the gra matical) as quite distinct from the conve sational.

A Night Telegraph.

A new nocturnal military telegraph h been invented by a Hungarian officer, a sold to the Prussian War Department. means of this telegraph, which consists rockets of different colors, a communicatio can be established between two armies stationed at a distance of twenty miles from each other. It would enable Bazine, for instance, to have communicated with the commandant at Thionville. Each rocket represents six words, and an order containing three hundred words can thus be conveyed by fifty rockets. The key to this telegraph, which may be altered so as to make it unintelligible to the enemy, contains all the words used in strategy and tactics.

The Raven.

We have all heard of Diogenes's two ravens, towards whom he showed so much fondness that Douglass Jerrold said jocosely, he was raven mad. One of his pets, he tells us, had "good gifts," but nevertheless lost his life by the "youthful indiscretion" of eating "a pound or two of white lead." Alas! it is [illegible] what a juvenile ravenous raven — uld th- ck- of ar, ng nd he ix oe re st ly al k- he h, e, nd of vn nd or od of ho n- of en et- no ur he nt he r's to to or re- nd ng re- on

of a tea-party at the squire's [illegible], this animal was brought into the drawing-room to amuse the assembled company with his tricks. Set down, he looked about him, nothing abashed. Presently humming an old well-known antiquary, clad in a dark snuff-colored suit, whose head and shoulders only were visible over the top of a high-backed chair, on which the worthy man happened at the very moment to be kneeling, our sable hero, assuming a solemn attitude, gave out slowly, and in pulpit tones, "Let us pray!" Another, who set up his abode at a posting-house in Yorkshire, guarded the yard with the fidelity of a watch dog, and upon the arrival of a traveller invariably demanded with a loud voice, "Ostler, come and take the gentleman's horse!" Another, long accustomed to ramble about a nobleman's park in Wiltshire (Marquis of Aylesbury's), when surrounded by a crowd of unwelcome rooks and crows, would 'cutely lift up his head, and imitating the voice of a man, shout out, "Hollos!" and the consternation of his affrighted companions, who took flight instantly, seemed to give him infinite merriment. Another, called the "Parson," lived in a stable, and observed that when the groom tickled his favorite horse behind the shoulder, the hind legs of the horse would go up, and the groom would frequently say to the playful animal, "Ha, Jack; go it, old fellow!" One day the groom heard capers and noise in the stable, and approaching the door was astonished by the sound of his own voice inside—"Ha, Jack; go it, old fellow!" Upon entering the stable he found the raven perched on the horse's hind quarters, pulling hairs out of Jack's tail, and responding regularly to the horse's kicks with the groom's exclamation, "Ha, Jack; go it, old fellow!"

The Prophecy of Blois.

A prediction well known in certain parts of France is "the prophecy of Blois." It was made in 1808 by an Ursuline nun of that city, and she foretold that troubles would come upon both Blois and France in 1848 and in 1870. The former part of her prediction has come true, and therefore there is a probability that the latter part of it also may be realized. While foretelling terrible troubles to France in the present year, the nun went on to predict *le sauveur accorde a la France*, and added that he should be a man whom the country did not expect. According to her prophecy, the *grands malheurs* were to begin after the middle of July—it will be remembered that the war dates from just before that time—and before the vintage. The troubles foretold were to effect the capital especially, in which there was to be a fearful fight and very great massacre. "Both good and bad will fall in battle, for all the men will be called out, and only the old men left in the place. The time," adds the nun, "will be short, for the women will prepare the vintage, though the men will return to complete the work. Meantime no news will be obtained, excepting through private letters. Presently, three couriers will arrive at Blois, of whom the first will bring tidings that all is lost, the second will be in too [illegible] matter though the preparations of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, or Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—*Channing.*

"How Mother Did It"—A Husband's Reminiscences.

If we were to suggest one which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so; mother used to have such waffles; and mother knew just how thick, or how thin, to make a squash pie; and, oh! if I only could taste of mother's biscuit. Such are the comments of the husband and of too many meal tables. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his tea-cup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "how mother did it." He says:—

"I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs, or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

"Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making these cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered; yeast—yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen, and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back-yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

A Balloon Letter.

An English writer says:—One of my friends who remained in Paris writes to me occasionally by balloon, and her letters are charming, full of spirit and hope. I have one of these much-prized epistles before me, and I quote a few sentences to verify my assertions. After beseeching me not to believe that she is unhappy, my friend continues:—

"We bear gayly all our troubles and all our privations: Patriotism has so changed everybody that the Parisians appear a people of brothers; noblemen and workmen sleep side by side on the ramparts, and use their best endeavors to help each other. Women have apparently no longer any vanities; toilettes no more form the question of our days. We have made a vow to wear the same dress until the seige is over.

We know that General Trochu will hold out resolutely all winter if it is necessary and possible. He has formed his plans, and is not a man likely to change them. He desires to harrass and to fatigue the Prussians, and to decimate them with sorties. He counts on sickness in their ranks and on bad weather, and then he relies on the army of the Loire coming to the rescue. Some brave troops, well commanded, throwing themselves at the rear of the German forces, and we are saved! Whilst hoping and waiting anxiously, away from our homes and all that makes life valuable, let us be patient. The iron heel of the Prussian will eventually be a boon to us; the good feeling of patriarchal manners is now to be found in Paris, which only a month ago was a city of luxury and pleasure. People invite each other to eat potatoes in their jackets, or, as we express it more poetically in French, *pommes de terre en robe de chambre*, for butter is eight francs the pound, and nobody eats it every day. When M. Jules Favre invited seven people to dine with him last week, three mutton cutlets only were served to the party. As a matter of course, nobody would touch one, but the guests contented themselves with a ham, which was the only choice on the table. The Parisians (always clever cooks) are inventing several new dishes; truly, there is nothing like necessity for bringing out natural resources. The *filet* of horse, which is now regarded as strengthening and succulent; the flesh of the ass, considered still better; and lastly mice, which are looked out as delicacies, are all cooked up into savory dishes. In happier days these poor beasts were, as it now appears, fouly calumniated; they are in these times accorded gastronomic honors.

"When the Parisians dine at each other's houses every guest takes his or her own dish, and the result is a pic-nic (or as we write it *pique-nique*) of a truly original character."

Ripe Fruits in Sitting-Rooms.

We should be chary of keeping ripe fruit in our sitting-rooms, and especially beware of laying it about a sick chamber for any length of time. The complaint which some people make of a faint sensation in the presence of fruit, is not fanciful; they may be really affected by it, for two continental chemists have shown that from the moment of plucking, apples, cherries, currants, and other fruits are subject to incessant transformation. At first they absorb oxygen, thus robbing the surrounding air of its vital element; they then evolve carbonic acid, and this in far greater volume than the purer gas is absorbed, so that we have poison given us, in the place of pure air, with compound interest, warmth accelerating it.—*Good Health.*

☞ Great minds are like trees that spring up under the hand of nature; they are beautiful to look upon from every side.

Cause and Cure of Consumption.

BY DR. W. W. HALL.

Whatever renders the blood impure tends to originate consumption. Whatever makes the air impure makes the blood impure. It is the air we breathe which purifies the blood. And so, if the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible to wash the clothing clean, so if the air we breathe is impure, it is impossible for it to abstract the impurities from the blood.

What then are some of the more prominent things which render the air impure? It is the nature of still water to become impure. It is the nature of still air to become impure. Running water purifies itself. Air in motion, drafts of air, are self-purifiers. Thus is is that the air of a close room becomes impure inevitably. Thus it is that close rooms bring consumption to countless thousands. Hence all rooms should be so constructed as to have a constant draft of air passing through them. The neglect of it murders myriads. A man of ordinary size renders a hogshead of air unfit for breathing, consumes its blood-purifying quality, every hour, so perfectly, that if a man could re-breathe a full breath of his own the next instant after its expiration, without any intermixture with the outer air, he would be instantly suffocated. Hence sleeping in close rooms, even though alone, or sitting for a very short time in a crowded vehicle or among a large assembly is perfectly corrupting to the blood. Close bedrooms make the grave of multitudes.

Among other causes of consumption are insufficient food or clothing; sleeping in basements, or sitting habitually in damp apartments. A dog will become consumptive in a few weeks if confined in a damp cellar, especially if it be a dark one.

Hence the room which we occupy for the largest portion of each twenty-four hours should be the lightest, dryest, most airy and cheerful in the whole building.

As occasional causes of consumptive disease, there may be mentioned all suppressions, the sudden driving in of all eruptions, such as measles, tetter, and the like, the sudden healing up of sores which have been running for a long time, without intelligent medical advice, in carrying off the drains of the system in another direction. Many lives are thrown away by ignorant persons, in applications to old sores; they are elated in the highest degree in having "cured up" an ulcer, which the "regular doctors" had failed to do after months of effort, but they fail to note the after fact, that within a very short time the "cured-up sore" has broken out again, or falling on the lungs, has laid the victim in the grave.

AIR AND EXERCISE.—No remedy known to man has such a powerful and permanent influence in maintaining or regaining health as the judicious employment of cheerful, exertive exercise in the open air; and if properly attended to in a timely manner, it will cure a large majority of curable diseases, and will sometimes succeed when medicines have lost their power.

If you have actual consumption, or are merely threatened with it; or if, from some of your relatives having died with it, you have unpleasant apprehensions of its lurking in your own body; or whether from a diseased liver or disordered stomach, or a dyspeptic condition of the system, the foundations of the dreadful disease are being laid in your own person; or whether by exposure, by over bodily exertion or mental labor, or wasting cares for the present, or anxieties for the future, or by hugging sharp-pointed memories of the past, or by intemperate living, in eating or drinking, or by unwise habits or practices in life, you have originated in your own person the ordinary precursors of consumption, such as hacking cough, pains in the breast, chilliness, wasting of flesh and strength, shortness of breath on exercise—under all these circumstances, a proper attention to air and exercise are indispensable aids—are among the principal, essential means of cure, and are never to be dispensed with; confinement to the regulated temperature of a room, in any latitude, is certain death, if persevered in; and if from any cause, this air and exercise are not practicable to you, except to a limited extent, it is your misfortune; your not being able to employ them does not make them the less necessary, and they have no substitutes.

Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay.

The church was his aversion. He abolished the Inquisition, converted monasteries into barracks, confiscated the religious houses, secularized tithes, and suppressed night-worship and processions as leading to disorder. At his death, there were but fifty priests, mostly decrepit in the land that had been once overrun by them. Marriage he prohibited, unless by special permission rarely granted. Marriage is still almost unknown in Paraguay: even the last dictator, Lopez II., having omitted the ceremony, though the status of an English lady named Lynch, was in every other respect that of his wife. Families are held together by no stronger tie than mutual attachment or interest; yet they are said to be as permanent as elsewhere, and Col. Page, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition in 1854, and David Powell, "vacation tourist" in 1863, speak of the people as thoroughly comfortable and happy.

Dr. Francia governed by fear, and his administration was remarkable for its eternal suspicion; yet the people were enthusiastic in their attachment to him, and for years after his death uncovered at the mention of his name. He never left his palace save on horseback, followed by a guard that made the citizens range themselves in respectful files; and the very boys were forced to wear straw hats, (they were otherwise naked,) that they might remove them at his approach. At his last orders drove all from the streets while he was passing, and the dictator traversed only forsaken thoroughfares. Withal, he could show to the world a happy and powerful people, free from the endless civil war of the other South American republics, and declare it the result of his own rule. Convinced that his dictatorship was a protest of the spirit of order against the spirit of anarchy, and believing that the independence of his country depended upon an adequate military force, he organized a standing army, and after perusing books, he drilled it himself. He laid in formidable stores of arms and ammunition, and though without any aggressive desires, was always ready to fight in defence. Hence he was always left in peace.

☞ Everybody will be glad to learn that the famous astronomical clock in the great Strasbourg Cathedral escaped injury during the recent bombardment.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made,
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone,—
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing:
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
"*Pray for me!*"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!
—*Atlantic Monthly for December.*

The Royal Dairy in England.

A writer to the Philadelphia Bulletin thus describes the dairy department of the Queen's Model Farm, which is situated about one mile from Windsor. It is probably the most perfect, as it is the most expensive thing of its kind in the world.

"We entered a beautiful cottage, and were shown by one of the Queen's favorite servants into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with May-blossom, daisies, buttercups, and primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the royal family, and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs representing the seasons, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All round the walls ran a marble table, and through the centre two long ones, supported by marble posts resting on basins, through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the table slabs are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in bright metal buckets lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland, so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water pouring in to regulate the 'coming of the butter' without disturbing the cream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole was turned made the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more are grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners more than dissatisfied, to see rolls of golden butter sold from the model farm for saving money for the Queen! I know the butter is sold, for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy."

Self-Inflicted Suffering.

It is true that fire, borne for the sake of truth, is martyrdom; but the hand burnt in ascetic severity does not give the crown of martyrdom, nor even inspire the martyr's feeling. Fastings such as St. Paul bore, from inability to get food, give spiritual strength; but fastings endured for mere exercise often do no more than produce feverishness of temper. This holds good, likewise, of bereavement. The loss of those dear to us—relations and friends—when it is borne as coming from God, has the effect of strengthening and purifying the character. But to bring sorrow wilfully upon ourselves can be of no avail towards improvement. The difference between these two things lies in this: that when God inflicts the blow, He gives the strength; but when you give it to yourself, God does not promise aid. Be sure this world has enough of the cross in it; you need not go out of your way to seek it. Be sure there will always be enough of humiliation, and shame, and solitariness for each man to bear, if he be living the Christ life. They need not be self-inflicted.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

☞ John Shortgate writes to the London Times, complaining that the Heralds' College won't change his name to Brown. He says his sons are teased by their schoolmates and nobody will marry his daughters.

Webster's Insurance Anecdote.

Daniel Webster said, that some time after he commenced the practice of his profession in Boston, a circumstance occurred which forcibly impressed upon his mind the sometimes conclusive eloquence of silence, and he wondered no longer that the ancients had erected a statue to her as a divinity.

A man in New Bedford, Mass., said Mr. Webster, had insured a ship, lying at the time at the wharf there, for an amount much larger than its real value, in one of the Boston insurance offices. One day, news arrived in Boston that his ship had suddenly taken fire, and burned to the water's edge. It had been insured in the Massachusetts Insurance Company, of which General Arnold Wells was President, and Mr. Webster the Attorney.

General Wells told Mr. Webster of the misfortune that had happened to the company, in the loss of a vessel so largely insured, communicating to him, at the same time, the somewhat extraordinary manner in which it had been destroyed.

"Do you intend," asked Mr. Webster, "to pay the insurance?"

"I shall be obliged to do so," replied the general.

"I think not; for I have no doubt, from the circumstances attending the loss, that the ship was set on fire, with the intent to defraud the company of the insurance."

"But how shall we prove that? And what shall we say to Mr. ———, when he calls for the money?"

"Say nothing," replied Mr. Webster, "but hear quietly what he has to say."

Some few days after this conversation, Mr. ——— came up to Boston and presented himself to General Arnold Wells at the insurance office. Mr. ——— was a man very careful of his personal appearance, and of punctilious demeanor. He powdered his hair, wore clean ruffles and well brushed clothes, and had a gravity of speech becoming a person of respectable position. All this demanded civil treatment; and whatever might be thought of him, one would naturally use no harsh language toward him. He had a defect in his left eye, so that, when he spoke, he turned his right and sound eye to the person he addressed, with a somewhat oblique angle of the head, giving it something such a turn as a hen who discovers a hawk in the air. General Arnold Wells had a corresponding defect in his right eye.

"I was not present at the interview," says Mr. Webster, "but I have heard it often described by those who were. General Wells came out from an inner office on the announcement of Mr. ———'s arrival, and *fixed* him (to use a French expression) with his sound eye—looking at him seriously, but calmly. Mr. ——— looking at General Wells with *his* sound eye, but not steadily—rather as if he thought to turn the general's right flank.

"They stood thus, *with their eyes cocked at each other*, for more than a minute, before either spoke, when Mr. ——— thought it best to take the initiative.

"'It is a pleasant day, General Wells, though rather cool.'

"'It is as you say, Mr. ———, a pleasant, though rather cool day,' replied the general, without taking his eye down from its range.

"'I should not be surprised, General,' continued Mr. ———, 'if we should have a fall of snow soon.'

"'There might be a more surprising circumstance, Mr. ———, than a fall of snow in February.'

"Mr. ——— thereupon shifted his foot and topic. He did not feel at ease, and the less so from his desperate attempt to conceal his embarrassment.

"'When do you you think, General,' he inquired, after a pause, 'that Congress will adjourn?'

"'It is doubtful I should think, Mr. ———, when Congress will adjourn; perhaps not for some time yet, as great bodies, you know, move slowly.'

"'Do your hear anything important from that quarter, General?'

"'Nothing, Mr. ———.'

"Mr. ——— by this time had become very dry in the throat—a sensation, I have been told,' says Mr. Webster, "one is very apt to feel who finds himself in an embarrassing position, from which he sees no possibility of escape. He feared to advance, and did not know how to make a successful retreat. At last, after one or two desperate and ineffectual struggles to regain self-possion, finding himself all the while within point-blank range of that raking eye, he wholly broke down, and took his leave, without the least allusion to the matter of insurance.

"*He never returned to claim his money.*"

Irish Children.

A correspondent of the Halifax Christian Messenger, writing from Dublin, says:

The beauty of children has, indeed, been the most marked and wonderful thing I have seen in Ireland. There is nothing of that fascinating *spiritual*, or of that intellectual precocity one so frequently sees in the children in Nova Scotia. But the wholesomest flesh and blood, the smoothest, rosiest, sweetest faces, with large and liquid eyes, meet one in groups at every turn.

At first I thought I must have chanced on the fairest, and that I should soon meet the quick and resolute faces I had left behind; but when I saw one hundred and fifty children, about seven or eight years of age, seated in one group in a gallery of an elementary school, I was almost overcome with emotion at the beautiful sight. There, most unmistakably, were the faces of the Saxon and Dane, and Norman and Celt, in all their freshness and innocence. It was a very garden of roses and lilies.

The head teacher, a son-in-law of the great educationist Wilderspin, by way of response to my expressions of admiration, pointing out to me a lovely little girl with large blue eyes and dark chestnut hair, said, "I never saw a more beautiful child before the mother cut off her magnificent hair, because it so attracted the notice of strangers." He added, "I think the mother did right."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "PRUSSIA."—This word is traced by different authors to "Po Russia," meaning, in the Slavonic tongue, "near or adjacent to Russia," or to "Prusi," "Prusci" or "Bourissi," the name of a Sclvonian tribe; but Malte Brun thinks it more probable that the name sprang from some Wendish word allied to "Pruznika," signifying "hard and clayey land." The kingdom of Prussia owes its name to the province of East Prussia, or Prussia proper, but the electorate of Brandenburg formed the nucleus of the present nation.

A Story for Margaret to Read.

Before my husband left me to go with his regiment to India he established me and the children in a comfortable house at Hastings, which place he chose as a permanent residence for me on account of the mildness of the climate, as he dreaded, he said, to leave me to the mercy of another winter in a less favored spot. Here we lived—my children, their governess, and myself—for three years, always leaving home during the hottest part of the year, to spend what we called our holidays *quite* in the country. In the summer of 1858 I took a little house in Wales, and the middle of June saw us comfortably settled there. My husband (who, as I have said, had been away three years, and had seen much hard service during the time of the Mutiny) had written me word that he might be expected at home late in the autumn, and the joyful anticipation of soon seeing him, added, as may be imagined, not a little brightness to the glory of my summer holiday.

In the beginning of July I went to London to spend a fortnight with a schoolfellow of mine, and entered into the pleasures and expeditions she planned for me with all the light-hearted enjoyment of a girl in her first season. But I had hardly been with her ten days, when late one afternoon I received a telegram from Cheltenham, to the effect that my husband's mother was not expected to live from hour to hour, and as I had always been a favorite of the old lady's, whose affection I returned, her daughter had sent for me, thinking I might like to make an effort to see her before she died. As the telegram arrived too late to allow me to catch the afternoon train, I had to remain inactive after my packing was done until a few minutes before seven in the evening, when I said "good-by" to my host and hostess, neither of whom could accompany me to the station, as they had a dinner party that night. I arrived at Paddington full a quarter of an hour before my train was to start, but I took my place at once, leaving the servant to get my ticket.

The Great Western first-class carriages are—or were then—divided into two compartments, each of which forms a distinct carriage of itself, like a room and an anteroom, only that they are both the same size. I settled myself in the one of two such carriages which was farthest from the platform, for the weather, and my hurried packing, and my anxiety about the dear old lady, had, combined, given me a headache, and I imagined I was less likely to be disturbed in the place I had chosen than in the other carriage, which would be preferred by most passengers for the convenience of seeing the stations, and getting in and out.

I was the sole tenant of the whole compartment until we arrived at Reading, at which place the door was opened to admit a lady—for so I judged her to be by the voice that spoke to whoever put her into the carriage about her luggage. As looking into the next carriage would entail my rising from my almost recumbent position, I allowed my laziness to get the better of my curiosity, and remained in ignorance of what my fellow-traveller was like until we stopped at Swindon. Here we might, if we pleased, get out for refreshment, and find our train again at the other side of the station, or we might remain where we were, and be moved round at our ease when the train was shunted to the other line. I intended to remain where I was, and my companion had evidently the same intention, for I heard her open her travelling bag, and then break a biscuit. But before the piece could have been lifted to her mouth she uttered so loud an exclamation that I, thinking she might be in some sudden extremity, stooped forward and looked through the window place, intending to offer her help and sympathy. She was standing up—a tall woman, with very fair hair dressed in wide and elaborate plaits—and had opened the door and jumped down before I could say a word, and as she left neither cloak nor bag behind her, I concluded that she did not mean to return.

My headache made me drowsy, and even when I found that—when the train had slowly drawn itself up to the other side of the station—the carriage in which I sat was now the one nearest the platform, I could not rouse myself to change my place. I had just energy enough left to turn my head away from the door which opened on the platform (I was in the corner formed by the partition between the two carriages), and to draw down my veil, and then I fell asleep. I am thus particular about my position in the carriage, that what I am going to tell may be more easily realised by the reader. I was aroused from my sleep, which could only have lasted a few minutes, by the opening of the door, and I heard a lady's voice say—

"Thank you. Yes, I suppose this must do."

She got in quickly, and as she looked into the next carriage, she said joyfully—

"Ah, this is quite empty; we will go in here."

It was the tall lady who had so hastily left the carriage twenty minutes before; I knew her by the wonderful blonde plaits upon which the lamp was now shining with all its feeble force, and as she paused a moment with her small plump white hand upon the door, I had time to see that her profile was a singularly pretty one.

The gentleman who followed her was tall, but a thick moustache that flowed into a long beard, and a soft wide-awake hat drawn low down over his eyes, did not permit me to see his face. He had his right arm in a sling, which circumstance made me observe him more particularly as he walked slowly after the lady, and I found that there was something in the way he moved, even in the stooping position necessitated by the lowness of the ceiling, that put me in mind of some one I knew, but who the some one was I could not remember. When they had passed through, and the doors were shut, I coiled myself up in my corner, determined to sleep again, but with the first few words that came from the next carriage vanished every inclination to slumber, and every sense, I think, save that of hearing.

"Then you do not find me so altered as I find you!" said the lady's voice.

"Not so much altered as you say I am, but still you *are* altered," said a voice that thrilled me through, and made me start up in my corner, for so like was it to my husband's that his name rose to my lips—and I know not now what prevented it's utterance. "I should have known you anywhere, as you know me just now among all those people on the platform; but still you are altered. Your hair is as bright as ever, your skin is as smooth and fair, and I think you look as young; but your smile—"

I did not wish to attract their attention by putting my face close to the opening, therefore I only changed my position slightly, so as to able just to give a half-glance, as it were, into the next carriage. I wanted to see the face of the man whose voice was so like William's; but I only succeeded in seeing the lady, who sat on the side opposite me. She was holding up her finger, as it were warningly, and was smiling, sadly enough. I saw her well, for she was seated just under the lamp.

"Don't go on," she said. "I know by the sound of your voice, that you are going to say something harsh."

"I beg your pardon; perhaps I was, but the inclination to do so has vanished now."

I heard him sigh an impatient sigh that I seemed to have heard before. My husband at home full two months before he was due, with a beard—a luxury (if it is one) he never allowed himself, even when on long leave—of several months' growth. To be sure, if his arm was disabled he could not use his razor. "Pshaw," said I, interrupting myself impatiently, "how absurd to be thus reasoning as if I were sure that this man was my husband! By looking through the window I can at once put to flight such a fancy." At this moment the man came to look at the tickets, and while I was searching for mine, he went on impatiently into the other carriage, and after a "thank ye, sir, all right for Cheltenham," he was back again, and glanced at my ticket, and was gone.

I got up to change from one corner to the other—and in so doing, I dropped all my money. I went down on my knees to pick it up, and while engaged in gathering together my scattered gold pieces, I heard the gentleman say—"Perhaps you don't like going with your back to the engine?" The lady laughed, and said it might be foolish, but she did not—and as they were changing places, the train began to move. I forgot how odd my curiosity would seem to them if they discovered me spying upon them, and raising myself a little, while still on my knees, I looked eagerly in at the window as they were settling in their respective places. But I got little by my venture. The gentleman was leaning forward, and either fastening or unfastening his travelling bag, which was on the floor before him, so that I only saw the top of his hat and his left hand, which did not look in the least like William's, and upon which I observed that there was no ring. Just as I was stealthily dragging myself to my place again, afraid of attracting their attention, the lady saw me, and honored me with a haughty stare of surprise. I drew back into my corner ashamed of having been caught peeping, and amused at myself for having looked for my husband's sapphire ring upon the finger of a stranger. Unless I listened very intently I could not hear what my neighbors were saying when the train was in motion; they had spoken very little since we left Swindon, but as soon as we stopped at the next station I heard the familiar voice say—

"So they are all dead—father, mother, and missy? Your father I loved, and—"

"And my mother you hated," she interrupted.

"Had I not cause?"

"But poor mamma only did what she thought best for me, you know."

"Yes, and what you wished her to do you might add," said the voice, which now had a sound of bitterness in it.

"Perhaps," she said carelessly.

There was a short silence, broken by her, and her voice was trembling, and tearful.

"Heaven knows," she said, "how I repented, and repent now."

"Hush, hush! you must not say that," said the voice in a whisper that thrilled through me, that carried my thoughts back to the days of love's young dream, when a few words of tenderness thus spoken made music in my heart for days, and I listened eagerly and with a beating heart. "You must not say it, must not think it."

"Oh, easy enough to say 'you must not think,' easy enough to say, but one's thoughts are not so easily regulated; at least mine are not, whatever yours may be!"

She spoke impetuously, and her excitement had evidently disturbed the serenity of her companion, for when he spoke again there was a passionate tone in his voice that it had lacked before, but even while speaking he seemed struggling to repress all such evidences of deep feeling.

"My thoughts are not so well regulated but that they can get out of beat," he said. "And the charm of your presence, and the sudden reviving of old recollections, will, I fear, disturb *for a time* the calm 'tick, tick,' of 'Home, wife, wife, home,' and turn it into the irregular music of 'Long, long ago, long ago.'"

I thought to myself "the tones of your voice may be like my husband's, my friend, but you are like him in nothing else. I imagine William saying such a thing as that!" I wondered that the lady had not warned her companion that I was within hearing, but have since reflected that if she had not forgotten my existence, which is likely enough, she would have found some difficulty in delicately hinting to a man who obviously did not *mean* to say anything all the world might not hear, that he must take care not to be overheard. I imagine, too, that people, when they travel about much, get into a way of thinking of their fellow-travellers as beings who do not understand their language.

When the train moved off I made up my mind that I would close the window before we stopped again, and presently fell into a doze from which I was roused by our arrival at another station, for this train crawled from Swindon to Gloucester, and stopped everywhere.

"You still retain your predilection for my name, then," the lady was saying.

"'J'ai toujours sur mon cœur ecrite
Le nom si doux de Marguerite,'"

quoted the haunting voice, softly; and then he added with a laugh and a sudden briskness, so cruelly like William's way of speaking, "I have not uttered that sentence once in all these ten years, and yet how familiar, and at the same time how fresh, it seems to me!"

There was a pause, and then he continued in the same tone, and evidently making an effort to be easily conversational—

"Our colonel's wife is a great hand at patchwork, and when sitting by her I have often fancied—I kept my fancies to myself, though, for I'm not given to indulging in that kind of thing aloud to every one—that the wonderful piece of motley on which she was engaged was an emblem of many things. She called it the 'box pattern.'"

"Ah, I know," said the lady, with a pleasant little laugh; "it consists of diamond shapes, of different colors, so arranged that when the work is complete it does not look like a smooth surface of silk, but like a series of brilliantly-colored projecting wedges."

"Just so; and those seeming projections," he said, laughing, "might teach the earnest-minded that what appears rugged and rather wicked-looking to the casual observer often becomes to those who look closer smooth and beautiful!"

"I never thought to hear you moralizing on needle-work."

"Not moralizing, only being fanciful," he said, "and a quotation need habitually in old times, and a phrase of long ago heard once again, seem always to me like the bits in that patchwork—fresh white bits saved from a whole now tattered, and torn, and faded, and put beside darker pieces as old but less bright; just as the recollection of some youthful wish or fancy comes suddenly into our minds, quaintly coupled with our more sober middle-aged thoughts, and just as when we recall a sister's marriage, the remembrance of a sadder ceremony—our father's funeral it may be—intrudes itself upon us. And when I made that quotation about your name it reminded me so—"

A shrill whistle, and the rushing of the train, prevented my hearing the rest of the sentence.

It was like leaving the theatre in the middle of a scene in the play, or like the sudden closing of a book at the most interesting part of the story. It is true I had not seen the first act of the play, not begun the book at its first chapter, but for all that I was deeply interested. The romance, and the tinge of sadness, and the vagueness of the whole thing pleased my imagination, while the strange resemblance of the man's voice to that of my husband gave a suspicion of sensationalism to the situation which was not altogether unpleasant. I thought how I should laugh at myself when, on hearing the real voice again, I should recognise beauties in it that this one lacked, and wonder how I could have for a moment mistaken strange tones for those that had made the music of my life for years. My thoughts reverted to the quotation, "*Le nom si doux de Marguerite*," and I smiled as I remembered talking to my husband, on our wedding tour, about my own name, which I chose to call an "unpetable" name, much to his amusement.

"Georgina is so stiff and precise a name," I said, "that it must be abbreviated for home use; 'Georgie' does very well when one is young, but, it hardly fits an old person."

He told me of the most beautiful old lady he had ever known, who was called "Aunt Georgie," and the name fitted her admirably.

"She ought to have been named Mary," I said. "And Georgina hasn't any historical associations."

"What did I think of George IV., St. George and the Dragon, and George Barnwell by way of historical namesakes?" he had asked, laughingly.

The whole of this trivial conversation came into my mind, and was succeeded by others equally trifling, and equally pleasant to think of.

At each station I stared mechanically at the guard and porters passing to and fro in the darkness, and listened (though I was trying to persuade myself that I was not doing so) for the sound of the melodious voice. But there is a silence in the next carriage, even when the train was in motion, and at last, when two stations had been arrived at and left behind, and still not a word spoken as we were slackening our pace before stopping at another, the lady said, very softly—

"I don't think I *can* be silent any longer."

"I was thinking the same thing," he said, and then he added, recklessly, "we will talk, then, talk unceasingly, until we say good-by! Let us dash at anything—Tennyson—the newest scandal—the newest tenor—the newest book—anything so that we talk, and forget the flight of time, and 'the days that are no more.' For Heaven's sake let us keep clear of 'the days that are no more!'"

I might have said with Beatrice, "What fire is in my ears!" When speaking of anything that awoke his admiration, or advocating any cause in which he was interested deeply, my husband's voice had just such a tremble of excitement in it, and his words came thus quickly. Such excitement was rare with him, but none the less surely did I hear the evidences of it now. I choked the hurry of my thoughts, and tried to reason myself into calmness. I said to myself that I had been reading a chapter of biography in ignorance of the hero's name—that perhaps I should never know, but, at all events, it was in my power to see, what manner of man he was. I had read a chapter of his life: let me turn to his portrait. By looking through that window I should see no satin-soft engraving, no photograph exaggerating every feature, but his real living self—the man whose thoughts were not so well regulated but that this woman's presence could put them out of beat—who had always written on his heart, "*Le nom si doux de Marguerite*,"—who wanted to forget how fast time flew in her company—who could not answer for his calmness unless in their talk they kept clear of the days that were gone. As all this flashed through my mind I moved quickly from my place and sat down upon the arm that divided the seats; thence I saw well into the next compartment, not caring that I ran the risk of being seen by its occupants.

Without his hat, and bending forward so that he could look into his companion's eyes, his hands trembling with the passion that moved him when he spoke, and clasping one of hers between them (the sling flung aside to enable him to do so,) his attitude that of one who pleads eagerly, his face that of one who feels deeply, sat my husband. I knew too well to be mistaken the sharply-cut and handsome profile, the aquiline nose, the delicate nostril, the finely-shaped head, the soft, thick chestnut moustache, they were so familiar to me, nothing strange to me in the beautiful face, save the look of agitation now visible upon it, and the luxuriant beard that covered his broad chest. I admired his beauty so heartily, I loved him so passionately, and there I sat, gazing spellbound—and as I gazed he spoke again.

"Look here," he said, "don't give way; be strong, and help me to be strong, too. We have now a very short time before us. Don't let us waste it in sadness and useless regrets. Talk to me as you used to talk; you surely have not lost that rare gift of conversation that used to charm me so in the days gone by. Talk to me, and don't be sad—don't be sad, Margaret—don't be sad."

As he said these last words, he turned the little hand palm upwards and kissed it on the fingers and in the palm itself, and the kisses seemed to burn upon the cold hands that I pressed to my swelling throat. I shrank back to my corner, trembling, bewildered, humiliated. He had loved this handsome woman with her shining hair, her

fine figure, her fair face, and clever conversation; he had loved her in the past, about which I had had no curiosity; he had loved her in the past, and he loved her now. And I, his wife, who loved him, what was to become of me?"

The train quickened its pace as we neared Gloucester, and I could not have heard more of their conversation had I wished to.

* * * * * * *

My husband was evidently on his way to Cheltenham to ask news of my whereabouts from his mother, for as he must have left India full six weeks before the day of which I am writing, he could not know our present address, although his knowledge of our custom of leaving home in June would prevent his going there in search of us. It was necessary for passengers to Cheltenham to get out at Gloucester, for the train went on into Wales, and, of course, if I whished to reach my mother-in-law's bedside this night I must alight here. But I could not do it. I felt that to be recognized by my husband as he stood beside this woman would be too great a trial for me in the present excited state of my nerves. I therefore let them pass me, shutting my eyes as they did so that the sight of him, so near me, and yet so unconscious of my presence, might not overcome my resolution not to betray myself; and when they had gone I went into the carriage they had left. If a porter saw me and questioned me as to my destination, he would certainly oblige me to get out in order to obtain a ticket, so I drew down the blind. Another fear tormented me. Supposing that when my husband went to look for his luggage, and told his name, they gave him my box? Or he might see it standing by, waiting to be claimed, and recognize it. It was an old travelling companion of ours, and had been claimed by him at many a station, from the days of its shining newness at the time of our wedding tour, till, in its battered but vigerous age, it last met his sight at Hastings. I grew miserably nervous at the idea of his coming and looking into all the carriages in search of me; but there were *her* things to look after, and she would be by his side to distract his attention. This thought, though it quieted my anxiety about being discovered, was the crowning anguish of my torture, and I wept with the passionate weeping of one who sees the grave close over the best beloved.

It was nearly three in the morning when I arrived at home, and I was forced to make up some story about forgetting to get out at Gloucester in order to account to Miss Marsland (our children's governess) and the servants for my unseasonable appearance; and, exhausted in body and mind, I went at once to the solitude of my bedroom. Late in the day I awoke from a heavy sleep, and rang my bell, which summons was attended to by Miss Marsland, who brought me my breakfast, and a letter from my husband, forwarded to me from Hastings. It was written on board ship, and he told me that if he did not find an answer to it awaiting him at a particular address, on landing, he should conclude that I had left home, and should at once go to his mother for news of me. This I knew he had done. What would he do next? He could not come to me, I reflected, considering his mother's state, unless, indeed, she was now dead.

As I dressed, many thoughts tormented me—and I fancied every sound down stairs was a sign of his arrival, and when Miss Marsland came up to my room again, with an open paper in her hand, I knew at once that it contained news of my husband.

"Do not be startled," she said, "but I have had a telegram from your husband. He is in England."

"I know," said I, holding up my letter, and trying to make my smile look joyous.

The telegram was brief.

"A telegram sent to my wife yesterday is unnoticed. If you know her address, telegraph that I am here. My mother is dying. If she comes here by the 12 50, I will meet her."

I was glad of the hurry that was necessary to enable me to be in time for the train, since it kept people away from me who might have observed me too closely, and prevented the poor children from pressing upon me eager questions about "papa."

As the train neared Cheltenham, I grew almost faint with anxiety and excitement. I was always asking myself the question, should I find that there was not more than a slight resemblance between my husband and the actor in the scene I had witnessed, or should I find beyond doubt that they were one and the same man?"

At the station I found a servant waiting for me, and was told that the old lady's death was momentarily expected, and her son could not leave her. I confess that the tears which started to my eyes on hearing this were tears of bitterness, and not shed for his mother. The jealous thought, "would he not have left her to meet Margaret?" came into my mind. I confess it with a sense of humiliation for having entertained it for even the short time that it remained with me. By his mother's bedside we met. He rose to go and meet me when he heard the carriage come to the door, but he had not the heart to withdraw his fingers from the feeble but clinging clasp of the dying woman, and he was standing thus imprisoned when I entered the room.

"Here you are at last," he said softly, and in a voice made tremulous by feeling. "At last! but what a long time you have been in coming!"

I scarcely knew at that moment whether or no I recognized the tones of my fellow-traveller of the night before. I had a dim idea floating through my brain that the hand which pressed mine so warmly, was the same that had pressed *hers* only a few hours ago—that the eyes which were looking so tenderly into mine, were the same that had looked love into hers only yesterday; but it was only a dim idea, something like the realization of an almost forgotten dream, dreamed in the far-off "long ago." In fact at that moment I was only conscious of two things; and those were, that my husband was once more at my side, and that I believed in the genuineness of the love that I saw in his eyes, and heard in his voice. And I did not feel in that first interview any of the jealousy I thought would be sure to rage within me; I only felt that my joy at being with him once again was real and intense, and that my faith in him—a faith which was the growth of years—was in no danger of being undermined.

He talked to me softly, as was fitting the sick room; tenderly, as he always spoke to me; but I could not say one word to him. His left arm was around me, and my hands were clasped on his—and as he talked, my fingers sought, and found not, the ring. He answered my unspoken question with the details of an accident that had disabled his arms and obliged him to take off the ring for a time, and, until yesterday, to keep his right hand in a sling.

As the day went on, and I was busied with the duties of the sick room, I had opportunities of studying his countenance unobserved, and I saw that even in those first hours of our reunion the beautiful recollection of his youth would steal in between him and me, and whisper in his ear I know not what musical accent, until the anxiety and care disappeared from his face, and it became like that of a young and hopeful lover. But when I perceived that his thoughts were wandering away, I contrived to engage his attention, and soon found that a few words from me had the effect of banishing, for the time, the beautiful phantom that haunted me. And thus by the death-bed of the woman who had first loved him, I wrestled for his happiness with the genius of the past; and when we left his mother's grave (she lingered more than a day after my arrival,) and returned to our own home, I felt that the battle was won. And he, I knew, was my ally in this warfare, although all unconsciously; and the knowledge of his steady faith and loving loyalty cheered me in my ungracious task. For it pained me to think that my voice should be the one of all others to call him from the charmed circle that memory's magic art drew round him, to the cares of every-day life; but he obeyed the call with alacrity, and never seemed to hesitate about stepping boldly into the commonplace present. So after a time I took comfort. I never sought to persuade myself that I had been the one love of his life, and that this other was only a youthful fancy; for I knew well that the romance of his life had ended when he parted from her in years gone by, and I had seen how the charm of her presence had "restored to him the freshness and the bloom of long ago," and I knew well that I had no power to excite, even into the faintest flame, the fire which I had lately learnt was smouldering in his heart. Bitter as it was to learn this lesson, that I was but the commonplace sharer of his every-day joys and sorrows, merely the good wife who loved, honored, and obeyed, and not the fairy who could charm him with a word, not the enchantress who could bewitch him with a look—bitter as it was, I learnt it, striving all the while to suppress any sign of pain.

But I have sometimes fancied that he saw all was not right with me, for when we have been sitting alone together, I have seen his eyes fixed upon me with a wistful and wondering expression in them; and I have hastened to banish all sadness from my face, and have met his gaze with a smile; for I would not tempt him by my continued sadness to ask a question, the answer to which would only humiliate him whom I delighted to honor. And when he died, he knew not that there had ever been a cloud upon my happiness; and none knew that even in the first hour of my widowhood I thought of her who had felt the first glorious sunshine of his love, and who would mourn—at least in her heart—for the hero of her youth. And if I could see her now, I would tell her that I have many a time envied her the remembrance she must have of those early days; and it might be that she would confess that she had envied me the calmer and less glowing happiness of later years.

☞ When the ox is down, many are the butchers.—*Talmud.*

☞ A young lady at an examination in grammar was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. She replied immediately, with much naivete, "Because it is singular they don't get married."

☞ A man who took a drink from a bottle of mucilage, says he has felt "stuck up" ever since.

☞ The Mind-your-own-business Society needs more members—and there are a great many people who ought to join it.

☞ One of our agricultural exchanges informs its young lady readers, that if they would pronounce the word chignon correctly, they have only to remember that it rhymes with "union."

☞ Ralph Keeler, says: "It is still doubtful in my mind, whether it is not better to devote half of one's energies in learning to live on a very small income, than to devote all of one's energies in struggling and waiting miserably for a very large income."

☞ Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, though of considerable importance, are nothing in the season now upon us compared with turkey in America.

☞ Cincinnati has a "Christian Grain Elevator." There is no other city west of Pittsburg, whose Christianity so much needs elevating. It is a bright Chicago paper that says this.

☞ A Galvestonian, whose henery has been robbed of five Brahmas, requests the thief to call and "take away the rooster, as he is very lonely, and no questions will be asked."

☞ An Ohio paper reports a suit for damages for the removal of a body from one part to another of the cemetery—and touchingly adds: "The present grave is better than the former, and as respectable people are there, as in any part of the ground."

☞ NOT A QUACK.—It is now a law of the state of New York, that a homœopathic doctor is not a quack; and that whoever calls him a quack, is liable to damages in an action for slander or libel.

☞ Mrs. Agassis tells us that in certain Amazonian tribes, on the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hand is tied up in a paper bag filled with fire ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved, he is considered fit for the trials of matrimony.

☞ Some one with a genius for calculation, says the purple vestments of the singers in King Solomon's Temple cost one hundred thousand dollars; the trumpets and other musical instruments two hundred thousand dollars.

☞ The scarlet fever has become so formidable and fatal in some parts of London, that it has been deemed necessary to print and post hand bills to inform the inhabitants what to do to escape the terrible contagion.

☞ A little girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off, she didn't use water enough to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction, at least. "Why, sis, you're made of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself all away!" This opinion—coming from an elder brother—was decisive, and the washing was discontinued.

The Indians of California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY OLD BLOCK.

NO. 3.

In speaking of the Indians of California, it is chiefly as they were found at its settlement in 1849. Previous to that time, there were comparatively few white men in the country, and these were sparsely distributed in the Sacramento Valley, in the coast towns, or in the more southern counties of the state. Monterey was the capital of old Spanish rule, and civilization radiated from that point. The old Spanish Missions, established in different parts of the country, though few and far between, gathered the tribes in immediate proximity to them, and imparted to their neophytes rude notions of civilization, which they speedily lost or discarded when these Missions were secularized, and broken up by a change in the Mexican government. At best, these Indians so gathered were little better than servants of the Fathers, going through the outward ceremonies of the church which they did not comprehend, tilling the soil, guarding stock, and with childish simplicity obeying the behest of the holy fathers through love, or fear, perhaps both, for which, in a pecuniary view, they only received their food. Even with the comforts of their altered condition, these Valley Indians were often impatient of control, or with the natural impulse of Indians they longed for their primitive life of idleness and freedom, and frequently made their escape to the mountains, where they were pursued, and captured if possible, returned, and punished, in order to deter them and others from deserting the Missions. An Indian has an innate love of freedom, a love for his own hills and plains, and the customs of his fathers, which no associations or education can wholly eradicate. I have known many who were brought up in white families from childhood, who were faithful servants, and attached to their patrons, yet when arrived at the age of discretion, at times become so restless that they would leave their homes and spend days and weeks with their kindred among the hills, adopting the life and habits, for the time being, of their dusky relations.

While the Catholic fathers could in a measure control the tribes in their immediate neighborhood, those of the mountains still retained their independence, and kept aloof from the approaches of civilization, and after the discontinuance of the missions the great majority of the neophytes either amalgamated with the wild tribes or returned to their own idolatry and customs.

Upon my arrival in California I found the mountain tribes in their primitive condition, and for many years afterwards practising their rites, their dances and customs as they had existed from time immemorial. They had their wars as well as their peaceful relations.

It was no uncommon occurrence that notice was given a friendly white man that on a certain day there was to be a fight between two rival bands, and we were allowed to be spectators. One of the principal causes of war between tribes was that of stealing women. A party from one tribe, taking advantage of the absence of the men from a village, would rush in, seize two or three women, take them to their own territory and make wives of them. This of course was resented by the friends of the abducted women, and war was declared. Their combats were rarely sanguinary. A hundred Indians on a side, hiding behind rocks, shooting arrows at each other, was not very formidable warfare. Perhaps one or two might be killed or wounded, when a compromise was generally effected, either by the return of the women or by some presents to their friends.

It very often happened that the woman was so well satisfied with her captor that she would not return, preferring to live with her brave. This often served to cement the friendship of the belligerent tribes. In their wars they do not take the scalp from the slain, as is the custom of our Eastern Indians. When they were employed by the *rancheros* they were faithful and honest and could be trusted—though it is with Indians as with white men, some are good, kind-hearted and benevolent in their way, while others are predisposed to mischief. Like our own people, they do not all possess the same phrenological developments, and the amount and quality of brain in one may differ from another. But their attachment to kindred is universal, even more positive than ours. Among the early settlers of California, while it was yet under the control of the Mexican government, a Mr. Johnson took up a ranch on Bear River, on the eastern side of the Sacramento Valley, at the base of the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada. Like all the old *rancheros* of that day, he not only conciliated the tribes around him, but employed many Indians in the work of his ranch. Among his dependants were an Indian boy and girl from Penn Valley, where lived a powerful tribe with whom he was on friendly terms. He had brought up the children from infancy, and they were educated as well as the circumstances of the country would permit, and while the girl was instructed in the domestic arts, the boy was taught the science of agriculture. Both, as they grew up, were trusty and faithful, and Mr. Johnson became much attached to them. As years rolled on they grew up, and the boy wanted a wife. Mr. Johnson desiring to keep them with him, proposed that he should marry Mooda, and this being in unison with their feelings, their union was celebrated with the usual *ranchero* ceremonies, primitive enough, indeed, and they lived together in the utmost harmony. In a year or two the boy sickened and died. Mr. Johnson, in order to testify his regard for his adopted children, desired to have a funeral after the form of his countrymen. Numerous guests were invited from the neighboring ranches, though miles distant, and he gave his Indian dependants new clothes, besides a new hat to each one, for which he paid eighteen dollars apiece, so that they should all present a decent appearance at the ceremony. He intended to bury the body of the poor boy in a beautiful spot on his farm, but the afflicted and sorrowing girl begged him to let her lay her beloved husband beside the bones of her fathers in the hills.

Of course he at once consented, and when all was ready he set out, accompanied by his guests and retainers, to escort the body to the beautiful mountain glade of Penn Valley. Approaching the spot they were met by the chief men of the tribe, with *el Capitan* Loocas at their head. A funeral pile had been prepared (for the Mountain Indians burn their dead) and the body was laid upon it and the pile fired. As it was consuming the Indians began to dance around it with slow and measured step, accompanied with songs of lamentation, each casting into the flames some precious offering, while the widow stripped herself completely of her civilized garments and threw them into the fire; and Mr. Johnson's domestics each pulled off his hat and cast it into the burning pile as a tribute of love for his departed friend.

When all was consumed, the Indians gathered up the ashes in their hands, and scattered them to the winds, but tied up the charred bones in a sack, to be buried in one of their national cemeteries.

After the ceremony was concluded, Mr. Johnson told the young widow that her mule was ready, and they would return; but she refused to go. "My husband, my heart is dead; I will stay in the mountains with him. I will watch his ashes on the hills—the tall pines shall wave over us—my ashes shall be with his. I am an Indian now. I love you, my father, but I will live no more in the valley. I will be an Indian till I die."

It was in vain that she was promised new clothes, a life of ease and comfort, and the wants and miseries of a savage life exhibited to her. She would not go. Her heart was here now. His ashes were with his fathers. Hers should be with his; and no entreaty could prevail on her to change her determination. She assumed the usual grass apron worn by the squaws, and remained with them. Subsequently I became acquainted with her, for she was within my jurisdiction. I never knew a more touching and beautiful example of woman's affection, than that exhibited by this poor, unlettered Indian woman.

In their marriages they are little or no ceremony. Polygamy was practised, but the masses seldom had more than one wife, at most two. The chiefs and principal men usually had a plurality—sometimes three or four.

Formerly, the Valley Indians practised something like the Tartar mode. When a young couple were disposed to change their condition, the girl would go out and hide. The lover then set out to find her. If he succeeded twice in three times, she was his without further ceremony; and the question usually resolved itself into this—if the girl liked the young man, she was easily found—but if she did not, he might hunt for days without finding her. A man of the mountain tribes, usually made a simple agreement with the favored one, to live together, sometimes making the parents presents, and the marriage was consummated. Sometimes an amorous swain would make a foray upon a neighboring tribe, and carry off a wife; and this frequently led to a general fight—though it quite as frequently happened, that the woman was well content to stay, and acted as peace-maker between the parties, and was, in fact, a medium of friendly relations.

As is the case among all uncivilized nations, the wife was little else than a slave, a willing one to be sure, for she knew no other life. She gathered the acorns, grass seeds, and berries for food; she brought in all the wood, did all the cooking, wove the baskets, and did all the drudgery; while her lazy lord lay stretched out in the sun at his ease. Many times have I seen the poor woman carrying a load upon her back which she could hardly stagger under, while her lord and master walked by her side, quite unconcerned, with only his bow and quiver of arrows, without even offering to relieve her. All he did was to shoot such birds and small game as came in his way, and to fight the battles of his tribe.

TWO WAGS passing out of town on the Galveston road, says the Kansas Tribune, were struck with the beauties of Lawrence.

"Whose place is that?" said one of them.

"That is the lordly residence of Major ———. Cost thirty thousand dollars."

"What is his business?"

"Indian Agent."

"What is his salary—and how long has he held office?"

"Two years—at fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"Good! What did the honest fellow do with the rest of his salary?"

"Started his brother and two other honest men in the newspaper business to denounce corruption."—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The last of the Mohicans is in the Insane Asylum at Middletown. He is 98 years old, and is going to join his tribe in a few days.

☞ John B. Gough says that his father is still living in London, England, having reached the age of 92 years.

☞ Thomas Hughes said the Philadelphia Girls' Normal School was the finest institution of the kind in the country. What does the "hub" say to that?

☞ The telegraph offices in France now accept private messages for Paris for despatch by carrier pigeon, at the rate of fifty centimes or ten cents per word; the messages must be in French, and on purely personal and private matters. Telegraphic communication between Tours and Marseilles has been reestablished.

☞ A singular sight was witnessed at Halifax on a recent morning—the sun, moon, and stars, all visible at the same time.

☞ A Massachusetts candidate for the Legislature printed on all his ballots a promise to give, in case of his success, one-half his pay to the town, and then his ungrateful townsmen refused to elect him.

☞ The Parisian brokers, according to Judy, have stopped speculation because "all their capital is invested."

☞ In a French camp recently, some of the National Guards amused themselves by putting bits of paper in the muzzle of their guns, and snapping caps, to see how far the papers would fly. A young man who had come to visit a friend desired to try his hand, and was told to take a gun from the stack. He did so, put in the paper, snapped the cap, and shot one soldier through the head and another through the heart. Both were merchants; both men of family; it was the only gun in all the company that was loaded—thus furnishing a singular example of fate.

☞ An absent-minded Indianian, who started out after his cow, found the cow-bell in the road, and pocketing it, followed its tinkling for over twenty miles before he remembered that it was not on the cow's neck.

☞ The difference between a horse dealer and a horse stealer is not always a pronounced one, although it should be.

☞ Mr. Galton, an English writer on scientific matters, announces, after many careful experiments, that the barometer is of little use in predicting ordinary gales.

"I Acknowledge the Corn."

This popular phrase, it seems, was first used in Congress, being a remark made by Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, member of Congress from Kentucky. It was in acknowledgment of the deductions of an argument for protection made by Hon. Andrew Stewart, just elected to Congress from the Westmoreland District (Twenty-first) of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stewart was in Congress when Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were there, and advocated protection. He had recently made a speech, in which he referred to the fact. At the same time he related an incident which gives the origin of the well-known phrase, "I acknowledge the corn."

In 1828—forty-two years ago—this subject (protection) was before Congress, and we were discussing it. I was trying to show to the farmers of the country that they were purchasing foreign agricultural productions in the form of goods, while they left their own produce at home without a market. I said Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky sent their haystacks, corn-fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale.

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, jumped up and said:

"Why, that is absurd. Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman to order. He is stating an absurdity. We never send haystacks or corn-fields to New York or Philadelphia."

"Well," I said, "what do you send?"

"Why, horses, mules, cattle, hogs."

"Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs? You feed a hundred dollars' worth of hay to a horse, you just animate and get upon the top of your haystack and ride it off to market. (Laughter.) How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars' worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market."

Then I came to the hog question. Said I: "Mr. Wickliffe, you send a hog worth ten dollars to an Eastern market; how much corn does it take at thirty-three cents per bushel to fatten it?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put that thirty bushels of corn into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market."

Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."

Fashions for Hair.

Misses with handsome hair wear it in two long braids, tied with ribbon bows. A stylish arrangement is to separate the braids into two strands near the ends, and form two curls, pendant from each braid.

School girls wear their hair in two braids, looped and pinned together, or else coiled loosely around their heads. Short hair is not allowed. Little girls, under ten, always wear their soft locks lightly crimped and flowing. It is either drawn back smoothly from the brow, or the front hair is clipped, crimped, and tied at the back with a dainty bow. Large curls are again coming into fashion. The best and safest way of crimping a child's hair is to wind it in and out upon soft, silk covered wires.

Do not deprive the little ones of so great an ornament as the curls which it is so little trouble to form in childhood. Let them have at least these to distinguish them from the men and women to whose estate they will arrive all too soon. There is a common but a false notion that frequent cutting of the hair is favorable to its health and growth. Mothers thus often despoil their infants of their first silken locks, with the idea that the second hair will be more rich and abundant. This is an error. "The most beautiful and abounding heads of hair I ever saw," says a distinguished physician, "were those which the scissors had never touched." Mothers, not satisfied with trimming the hair of their children, often have it shaved or cut close to the scalp, when they find it losing some of its brilliancy, or falling off. Except in rare cases of disease, the total sacrifice of the hair is unnecessary, and the second growth is never equal to the first. Getting the hair trimmed from time to time may be allowed, but it does not produce the benefit generally attributed to it.

The Prussian System.

A knowledge of the main points of the military system of Prussia will enable any one to understand how, through all this fearful war, she has been able to outnumber France in soldiers. Practically, every able-bodied man in Prussia is a soldier. There is no volunteering, enlisting, or conscripting, as in other countries. Every young man, on completing his twentieth year, must enter the army, and serve for three years. Those who are rich may commute the three years for one. At the end of the time of service the soldiers are only furloughed; they must be ready at any moment to join their regiments until the completion of their twenty-fifth year. These young men, between twenty and twenty-five years old, constitute the standing army of Prussia. Men between twenty-six and thirty-nine constitute the "Landwehr," or reserves, who are called out in case of a war. They are divided into two classes. In addition to these, there is still another army, the "Landsturm," consisting of men between forty and fifty, who are called out only in case of an invasion. This system gives to Prussia for purposes of defence the services of every able-bodied man between twenty and fifty, and for offensive war all from twenty to forty. Physical weakness is the only ground of exemption.

The Paris Papers.

The difficulties of communication and the scarcity of paper have driven those of the Paris journals which are still published to a variety of shifts. Some consist of a single page, printed on silk paper, copies of which, with the title and margin cut off, in order to make them as light as possible, are despatched by balloon post, and occasionally reach their subscribers. The *Gaulois*, which prior to the siege was a broadside of four pages, is now reduced to the size of a sheet of note-paper, almost as light as a feather. It is not printed on both sides, nor, indeed, is it printed at all. It is lithographed, and consists of four short and narrow columns, filled with writing so minute that to read it would be a sore trial for one's eyes.

☞ A young lady up town was bored to death the other evening by an immovable caller, who talked poetry. She finally told him she could think of only one verse at that moment, something of Tennyson's:

"And she said, I'm very weary.
He goeth not. She said,
I'm a-weary, a-weary,
And I would I were in bed."

☞ True manliness would be fostered among the students of our colleges if every Faculty should follow the example of Dartmouth in expelling half a dozen students for "ducking" a Freshman under the college pump. "Hazing" is an absurd and cruel custom; it is more—it is *mean*.

Beginning of the Marine Revolution at the West.

The first iron propeller steamer for river service at the West has just been built and launched at Cincinnati. She is thus described by the Gazette:

"Here is an iron boat, 180 feet long, 42 feet wide in the hull, 6½ feet deep, with an iron shell varying from three-eighths to five-eighths in thickness, according to the need, much stronger both in the shell and in the frame than a wooden hull, divided into eight water-tight compartments, with 40 feet of the deck of iron, which draws, as launched, but 14 inches. Such a boat is almost proof against sinking. One, and even two, of her sections may be pierced, and she will still float. Her compartments will greatly reduce the risk of the cargo by fire. There is no reason why she may not last forty years. And by the use of homogeneous steel in the place of iron, by an increase of about fifty per cent. in the cost of the plates, a boat may be made of double the strength in the same weight. Iron steamboats and iron barges will carry the trade of these rivers. A new boat will be a thing to outlive the builder, instead of going out in seven or eight years. This city has taken the lead in this revolution, and will hold it. Give us a free river, and the upper town will before long ring with the clatter of the hammers riveting the sides of iron boats for this and the Mississippi rivers."

It is cheering to see the confidence with which the city of Cincinnati enters upon this movement, which, as the Gazette truly remarks, "will be a revolution in the water craft of the Western rivers which will greatly reduce the perils and the cost of transportation."

Northern Settlers in Virginia.

The Richmond Whig states that many of the Northern settlers in Virginia, having failed to realize their expectations, have returned to the North complaining that they could not make a living on the poor lands of Virginia. The Whig gives two errors into which the settlers have fallen, as the causes of their failures. The first error is the expenditure of all the funds of the settlers in the purchase of farms which can never be rendered fertile without fertilizers, which can only be obtained by money. The second error consists in ploughing lands, now poor and originally poor, so deeply as to bury the thin soil beneath the poor sub-soil, and thus to produce absolute sterility. The Whig says that if Northern settlers will only expend so much of their capital as will leave a fund sufficient to buy fertilizers in abundance to start with, and then plant and sow as experience has proven to be wise, Virginia will soon be filled with happy, contented and frugal farmers.

The Children of Royalty.

A lady writing from abroad says that she obtained a good view of the children of the Prince of Wales at an hotel, and thinks it may be interesting to mothers with jewels in their nurseries to know that royal babies are mortal, and can pull one another's hair with right good will. She says: "The two younger little ones were at the hotel window with their nurse. They were very simply dressed in blue frocks and white pinafores, and had fair, flaxy-looking hair. Some difference of opinion arising between them, the older seized the younger by the hair, and tugged it unmercifully. The people laughed, the nurse interfered, and finally settled the matter by taking the little one up and cuddling it in her arms. There was nothing a bit royal about the four little ones. They seemed just what children should be—simple, sensibly clothed, and natural."

RAID ON THE JESUITS BY A CRAZY MAN.—CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—A man named Anthony Hoop, manifestly suffering from partial insanity, entered St. Xavier Catholic College to-day armed with a hatchet and long knives, saying the Jesuits were getting too much power in this country, and he wanted to die for Jesus, and created great consternation by attacking the priest. Father O'Neil was cut in the left arm in a painful, though not dangerous manner, and a number of other priests received slight injuries before the man was arrested.

☞ The meanest man yet heard of is an extensive grape grower on Catawba Island, who makes his girls "chaw" wax while picking the fruit, so they shall not eat any.

☞ A Michigan census-taker came across a man who had been married five years, and had never inquired his wife's Christian name. He always called her "Say!"

☞ At a New York wedding the groom forgot the ring. The traditional curtain ring was unavailable and matters were at a standstill, till an ingenious lady cut off an end of one of the bride's curls and framed out of this a ring with which the marriage was consummated.

☞ A Charleston paper wants Northern settlers to come to South Carolina, but suggests that they come in colonies, and not otherwise.

☞ A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.—At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am; because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

☞ The Rev. Donald Fraser, of Manchester, England, mentioned at a recent Bible Society meeting that the Emperor Napoleon, "while he sat on the throne of France, was certainly a very cordial friend to all the agents of the society. In the most remarkable way, and for whatever reason, he facilitated their movements throughout France, protected them from a number of small persecutions, and never shut his ears against them."

☞ The Moniteur notices the death in a sortie of Madame Lefebvre, the famous *vivandiere* of France-Tireurs of Paris. She was a golden-haired beauty, and never failed to excite the admiration of those who saw her marching with her corps. Madame Lefebvre was mortally wounded by a musket ball, which struck her in the chest as she was administering some brandy to a wounded comrade behind a barricade.

☞ The English critics have had a terrible time about Mark Twain. The astute wiseacres of the Athenæum and Saturday Review took his fun in dead earnest, and pronounced him a born fool.

☞ "Every Saturday" says that besides the regular theatres, "Boston has several places where theatrical representations are given. There are blondes for the uncritical, and pantomimes for the guileless; clog-dancers for the imbecile, and negro minstrels for lost musical souls."

☞ New definition for evening dresses—Dresses of Eve.

A Curious Republic.

That was a satisfactory system of elections—satisfactory to the Executive—which Dr. Francia established in the Republic of Paraguay. "By the constitution adopted under his direction, he had the right to appoint the presidents of the congress; the latter appointed the commandants of districts, and these nominated the delegates to congress, for whom the citizens had nothing to do but vote. This duty performed, the congress met and appointed the consul, dictator, or president of the republic, who thus virtually chose himself."

But why go to all that trouble? Why not appoint himself at once?

☞ It is stated by an eminent English medical authority, in view of the late paralytic stroke to which Chang, one of the Siamese twins, has succumbed, that it is probable that Eng will one day find himself compelled to drag about with him the dead body of his brother, unless a separation can be effected. Up to the present time good medical authorities have held it certain that these strange twins would die simultaneously; but during Chang's late attack Eng was not in the least affected, which renders it probable that, if one of them should die, a separation might be made without danger to the survivor.

☞ The principal occupation of the "girl of the period" is said to be to sit at the window and watch for the "coming man."

☞ In Boston, the Journal says there is a young apple merchant, not yet eleven years of age, who is laying a good foundation for the future. He employs five other boys younger than himself, apportioning them their districts for selling, and reaps a daily revenue of from four to ten dollars. All but one attend school, and all are of native birth.

☞ At Providence, R. I., Thanksgiving day, the newsboys and bootblacks were treated to a dinner, the prominent feature of which was a mammoth pudding, three feet long, two feet wide, and one foot deep, and containing, among other ingredients, fifty pounds of raisins and ten cans of milk.

☞ The press of St. Petersburg has been officially warned against supporting France, or unfavorably criticising Germany, the interest of Russia being now identified with the latter.

☞ The Louisville Courier-Journal remarks that "the salt monopolists of Syracuse, New York, are so thoroughly determined to keep the business in their own hands that they have sent an agent to Palestine, with instructions to buy Lot's wife at any price."

☞ Butler has his eye on the British Hon. That animal had better look out. The eye is cocked.

☞ AID TO THE WOUNDED.—The funds collected in Great Britain for the sick and wounded in the continental war, amounted at the beginning of November to about a million and a half dollars. One hundred and thirty thousand remained still unexpended. The collection has been made without formal appeals by the committee, and has flowed in readily from all sources. Individuals moved the people, and the result is creditable to British liberality.

☞ A reply recently made to an inquiry as to whether the Bank thought Mr. So-and-So a man to be trusted was, "Trusted—yes, *trusted* forever."

☞ A small miniature photographic apparatus has been invented which gentlemen can carry around in their pockets, to take the likeness of their lady friends at a moment's warning.

☞ The mysterious door bell ringings which have attracted so much attention at Great Falls, N. H., since August last, were brought to a sudden termination the other night by the arrest of a woman, who had been foremost in favoring the theory that the work had been done by spirits. She was caught in the act of running away after pulling vigorously at a door bell in the dead of night.

☞ SHAKING THE WHOLE COUNTRY.—A colored mail-carrier in Virginia, having been well shaken by a man for kicking his dog, turned upon him and gravely expostulated:—"Look-a-here, massa, you'd better be keerful how you shakes dis chile! coz, when you shakes me, you shake de whole of de United States. I carries de mail!"

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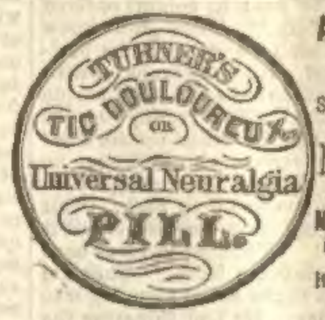

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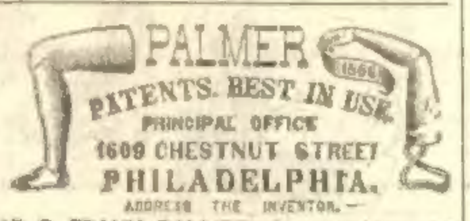

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Hufnagle's Elephant.

The following we find in a New York paper, but cannot say where it originated:—Mr. Hufnagle purchased an elephant in India, and brought him home under the care of a native keeper. The design was to teach him to do farm-work. When the animal arrived, it was ascertained that he could not, or would not do such labor, and so he was put in the stable of a country hotel, near New Hope, where he consumed enough sustenance to bankrupt a man of ordinary wealth.

One day his keeper died suddenly, and, as nobody else knew how to manage the elephant, it was found impossible to get him out of the stable. The landlord raved, and swore, and tore his hair about it, but there that elephant stuck, with the manifest intention of staying till the day of judgment, and of battering down the stable unless he was fed.

At last the landlord said that the elephant must be got rid of somehow or other, if he had to be blown through the roof with gunpowder. So an effort was made to sell him, and a menagerie man was induced to buy him for two thousand dollars. This man determined to bring that elephant right along with strategy. He got a car on the railroad track near by, and, after fixing a bridge to it, he lined the floor with a bushel or two of apples, gingerbread, oranges, etc. Then he made a regular pathway of apple and cake all the way from the stable to the car. It cost him two hundred dollars for bait. The elephant followed the trail slowly, eating it up clean as he went. He marched up on the platform over the bridge, and got his fore feet in the car, with his hind legs still on the bridge, and he gorging himself all the time. The menagerie man stood there, expecting every minute he would go clear into the car and finish the thing up; but, instead of this, the miserable beast deliberately stood still, and with his trunk reached all over the car, and ate every solitary thing in it. Then he turned and swooped down the road at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The landlord, meanwhile, was so glad to get rid of the beast, that he had asked all hands in to take something in honor of the event. The party were just putting their glasses to their lips, when a smash was heard at the barn-yard gate, and a thundering crash indicated that the stable door was knocked into diminutive flinders. The crowd rushed out, and there was that very same elephant in the very same old place!

The landlord was so mad that he couldn't swear with sufficient vigor to satisfy his feelings; so he got the crowd to listen to him while he read sixteen chapters of Horace Greeley's "Table talk" out loud. This relieved him for the moment, but the next morning Hufnagle's elephant was found dead, and there was thought to be some connection between this circumstance and the fact that the landlord was seen rolling a barrel of rat-poison up an adjacent hill upon the previous evening.

"Sound Your A."

Ned Kirby lived in the town of Hull, England.

His forte was playing the bassoon.

Ned prided himself on his skill, and was always ready to play anything, from a psalm tune to a cachuca, or a waltz with sky-rockety variations.

He was *primo* bassoon at all parties, balls, and other social gatherings, and also played in church on Sundays.

But Ned loved gin, "not wisely, but too well," and his potations often had a bad effect upon his performances. Ned *would* drink. Remonstrance was useless. He silenced all argument by the declaration that he was a genius, and that genius took to gin as naturally as a duck to water. "Talk to nature," Ned would say, "she made me a genius and my love of gin."

One night Ned was engaged to play at a little party about two miles from home. The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. Ned had preëminently distinguished himself upon the occasion. He had never been known to play better or to drink more than on that night. On going home, instead of keeping to the turnpike, he thought he would make a "short cut" across the pasture. In this pasture was kept a fierce bull, belonging to the owner of the farm. The bull, seeing Ned flourish his bassoon, and hearing him mutter, gave chase to the staggering musician. The bull advanced slowly, as he was encumbered with a chain.

On came the animal, keeping up a deep-toned boo-oo-ing, which at last fell upon Ned's ear, and arrested his attention just as he reached the edge of a deep and wide ditch crossed by a plank.

"Boo-oo-oo," bellowed the bull.

"How now?" exclaimed Ned; "a *bassoon*—a *challenge!* Aha, old fellow! little do you know *whom* you are challenging. Hold on till I put on my reed. So, there, steady, my boy. All right. Now, then, *sound your A.*"

By this time the bull had arrived on the scene, and while Ned was vigorously *sounding his A*, he pitched him, bassoon and all, into the ditch, breaking his instrument and thoroughly stunning the poor fellow.

On "coming to himself," Ned slowly gathered up the fragments of his bassoon, and peered all around for his adversary.

"You a musician! *Bah!* You are no musician, nor gentleman, neither. *Pretty work you'd make in an orchestra!*"

An Astonished "Injun."

Not long ago, out on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, a noble "salvage" of the Kickapoo persuasion was loafing around with an eye to possible scalps, when he perceived in the distance a locomotive coming down the track towards him at a 1.20 gait. This aborigine had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and in his simplicity imagined it to be a new description of buffalo. He accordingly made preparations for its capture, hoping to take the first prize at the approaching annual exhibition of the Kickapoo Agricultural Society. To make a sure thing, he fastened one end of his lasso around his body, and when the engine got near enough, tossed the noose over the smoke-stack. The iron horse did not stop, however, but the engineer witnessed a most striking and original performance of the "flying trapeze" never before attempted by any other Injun.

☞ A new species of snake, of a milk-white color, was lately discovered in Western Virginia. The tail has a horny appendage about half an inch in length, which is used with deadly effect. The body is so slender that when held up in the light of the sun it becomes transparent.

VIEWS (FROM WINDOWS) OF A WEDDING.

1. Miss Cruet.—"Stuck-up minx!"
2. Singleton Sivil Service.—"Pretty little gal, the bride!"
3. Old Grumbleton.—"Ah, pleasant day-dream, while it lasts!"
4. Lydia.—"Oh, what a lovely sky-blue sarsnet!"
5. Stump R. A.—"Plenty of color there; good subject."
6. Poor Cuts.—"Only knows her three months! Ah, if they'd only raise my wages."
7. Jollibot.—"Ha! ha! Good luck to the young people!"
8. Charles Stagey.—"Humph! seem to know their parts pretty well. First Walking-Gentleman Queer!"

A countryman at a New Orleans theatre, the other night, as the escort of some ladies, retired at an intermission and returned with a pound or two of peanuts wrapped in paper, and two huge bananas sticking from his pocket. Just then, however, and before he had time to take his seat, one of the actresses who had especially won his admiration, came to the footlights and warbled a beautiful melody. The full, rich voice, exquisite intonation, and breathing strains almost divine, completed the conquest of the countryman's heart, and, unable to restrain his delight, he heaved on the stage his peanuts bananas, and pocket handkerchief, as a tribute to the fair enchantress. There was a momentary astonishment visible upon the faces on the stage, a single interval of hesitation, which was removed by the countryman's voice, full and clear, "Take 'em, my gal, by jingo, you're welcome!" And then the house came down.

A Prussian Charge.—It is explained how the Prussians fought so hard at Weissenbourg. For three days before the battle the Prussian soldiers were fed on nothing but salt mackerel, and allowed nothing whatever to drink. On the morning of the battle Frederick William, the Crown Prince, formed his army in order of battle, and, pointing to Weissenbourg, he exclaimed:—"Soldiers! behind those heights six thousand kegs of lager are looking for you—charge!"

Couldn't Hold Her Tongue.—A story is told of an ancient Mohawk notion, that some great misfortune would happen if any one spoke on Saratoga Lake. A strong-minded Englishwoman, on one occasion, whilst being ferried over, insisted upon talking, and as soon as she got over in safety she rallied her boatman on his superstition. But he had the best of it, after all, for he at once replied, "The Great Spirit is merciful, and knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue."

The Emperor on the Politicians.

A correspondent of the *Liberte*, writing from Cassel, says that he has heard from the lips of the ex-Emperor at Wilhelmshohe the following remarks on MM. Thiers, Jules Favre, and Bismarck. He said: "Jules Favre has not ability enough to conduct a discussion with the Minister of King William. He will wind him round his finger. I have been quite duped by him—I, to whom every one agrees in attributing penetration and taciturnity. How, then, will it fare with M. Favre, whose strength lies in his too great fluency of speech? All these words will be turned against him in the form of an agreement with his pacific intentions. M. Bismarck will throw the responsibility of a refusal on his august Majesty. The talent of this diplomatist consists in his knowing how to throw on others the responsibility of resolutions that have been taken. I was without this talent when at the Tuileries, and I paid dearly for this defect. The Chancellor of the North is bent on making all Europe think that it was the French people who demanded the war—whereas, in reality, it was he and I who alike wished it. If I had been able to persuade the French that they urged me to this war I should still be at Paris, or I could have returned without fear. The contrary occurred, and my fall and the capitulation of Sedan are the consequences of that failure." Shortly afterwards, speaking of M. Thiers, he said: "I was beaten at Boulogne, because in my simplicity at that time, I confided in the Minister of Louis Philippe, who had promised me his assistance, but only to drag me into the net. I troubled him in England. He attracted me to Boulogne in order to confine me at Ham. Count Bismarck," the ex-Emperor said, in conclusion, "is an able man—but it is his audacity that makes him so. This is what distinguishes him from Cavour, the greatest politician I have ever met. If Cavour had been the Minister of King William, the German Empire would have been complete—and that without a shot."

☞ Principles will penetrate where the bayonets of armed men cannot; they ride upon the elements, and defy the whirlwind and the storm.

☞ What is the difference between editorial and matrimonial experience? In the former the devil cries for "copy;" in the latter the "copy" cries like the devil.

☞ A chord of love runs through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

YE DINNA UNDERSTAND.

It's nae your fault, my darlin',
I think it's most my ain;
But ye dinna see my heart o' hearts,
An' I canna speak it plain.

Frae east to west nae better mon
There lives in a' the land:
But I'm weary for a tender look,
An' ye dinna understand.

My gowns are braw and bonny,
My gems like sunlight shine;
Ah! dinna ye ken a woman's heart
'Neath gown and gem may pine?

Frae east to west nae prouder wife
Sits down in a' the land;
Yet I want to hear a word o' love,
An' ye dinna understand.

If ye find me fair, my darlin',
An' true an' sweet to-day,
When the bit brown leaves are whirlin' fast
A-down our autumn way,

Oh! canna ye say, my ain gude mon,
"Thou'rt best o' a' the land;"
For I'm weary for a tender thought,
An' ye dinna understand.

A Sleepless Secretary.

The following is told of Sir Evan Nepean, formerly under Secretary of State of Great Britain:—

One summer night he was affected with an unaccountable sleeplessness, and, being quite weary of lying awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at 3 o'clock, A. M., strolling aimlessly, more from daily habit than anything else, down to the home office. Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum-book: "A reprieve to be sent to coiners ordered for execution at York." Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him that he called up the chief clerk in Downing street, who said that he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. "But have you the receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No." "Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane." They did so, and found him in the act of stepping into his gig for a holiday. He had forgotten the reprieve, and left it locked up in his desk. The fleetest express procurable was despatched, and reached York just as the criminals were mounting the cart.

Standing on "Dignity."

The Bishop of Calcutta recently visited Burmah, and the India papers described the difficulties which prevented a proposed interview between the Bishop and the King of Burmah. The latter insisted on the Bishop squatting cross-legged before him, a small carpet being the only concession he would make. Dr. Milman asked to be allowed to stand, but the King was firm; he could not allow any man either to stand before him or to occupy a seat not lower than his, his majesty invariably reclining on a very low couch on these occasions. The Bishop was likewise firm; he declined to suffer the indignity of sitting cross-legged on a bit of carpet; and, as the chief Buddhist priest is allowed a seat on a level with the King's, he urged that similar courtesy might be shown to one of corresponding rank. The result was that the Bishop left Mannaly without having met the King, although both were very desirous that an interview should take place.

Swiftness of Birds.

A German paper, speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says:—"A vulture can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The common crow can fly twenty-five miles, and swallows, according to Spallangain, ninety-two miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta twenty-four hours after the departure of Henry IV. from Fontainbleau. If true, this bird must have flown for twenty-four hours at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Dull Ox.

It is a common notion that oxen are rather stupid animals. But the Gloucester Advertiser tells of an ox which belongs to the Granite Company down there which certainly is not a very dull animal, and should be classed with the horses, and even the dogs, for sagacity and reasoning faculties. It is the occasion which develops the man, and so clearly it is with animals. It seems that a yoke of old oxen which had long borne the heat and burden of the Granite Company's work, one had become too lame for further usefulness; and, in consideration of the past faithful services of the twain, were made *emeritus* oxen of the company which they had so long served, and were turned out to grass. A few days since the lame ox was seen limping towards the blacksmith's shop, where he had been often shod, and, making his way into the shop, he took his place in the shoeing frame, and held up his crippled foot to the curious smith, who watched his singular movements. As this, though passing strange, was very intelligible language to the blacksmith, he immediately examined the foot, and to his great satisfaction and the joy of the animal, discovered the secret of the lameness and the significancy of the animal's intelligent actions. A small stone had got crowded under the shoe, and pressed on the foot in such a way as to produce the lameness. The stone was removed, and the animal was sent away, no doubt rejoicing in his ox heart that there was at least one man who could understand the ox language sufficiently to relieve its suffering.

Philosophers may call this instinct, or what they will; we call it reasoning—good, clear, satisfactory, shrewd, syllogistic reasoning—from cause to effect—from premise to conclusion.—*Boston Traveller.*

Take Care of the Implements.

It is a lamentable fact that a large majority of our farmers lose as much from a want of proper care of tools as from the actual wear and tear of them. Repeated wetting and drying injures, sooner or later, any kind of wood-work; the moisture getting into the cracks soon begins the work of decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. Much has been said and written upon the value of tool-houses, and it is hardly necessary for us to add our mite to the general collection; but providing the tool-house is not all that should be done—the shovels, spades, and forks are brought into the tool-house with the dirt sticking to them, and in that condition they remain through the winter, or until they are again needed. All practical farmers know how much better a bright plough turns the furrow, how much easier it is on the team and driver, and yet they will bring their ploughs and harrows in every fall with the dirt sticking to them, and allow them to remain in that condition until again wanted, much to their own loss and expense. There are various mixtures which might be applied to the iron to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is common (*unsalted*) grease. A better article may be formed by melting together six pounds of fresh (not salted) lard and two of resin. An old iron pot is a good thing to keep and compound the mixture in. As soon as a tool is done being used for the season, clean it off and give it a coat of this mixture, and even if it remains undisturbed for years, it will come out as bright as when put away. Implements properly cared for will not only last twice as long as where this is not the case, but, as we said before, they are far better in every way.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Food for Horses.

A correspondent in Taunton, Mass., who has had charge of a gentleman's stable, containing some very fine horses (among them the celebrated Grand Duchess) for ten years, gives us his experience of feeding horses, as follows:

"First feed them with dry feed, if they are sound. A horse should moisten his food with the secretions from the glands of the mouth, which will be more abundant with dry than wet food. But if a horse has the 'heaves' or is 'wind-broke,' he should on no account be fed with dry food. Oats form the most natural and nutritious food for the horse. For keeping a horse in good condition, the amount of food given should be determined by the person having charge of the animal basing his judgment on the size of the horse, also on the amount of labor performed. My regular feed is:—Oats, three quarts; cracked corn, one quart in the morning and at noon. At 6 p. m. three quarts shorts, which is a simple nourishment, and serves to keep the bowels regular and in good condition. Of course, the quantity should be varied according to the degree of exercise taken by the horse.

"As often as once a week, a change of food should be made—one feed of cut hay and meal, or cut hay with shotts will do. Carrots, given occasionally, will give a fine, silky appearance to the coat. Musty hay or oats should never be given. Let the food be the best of its kind—it is in the end the cheapest.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Wintering Sheep.

Winter is near at hand and every owner of a flock of sheep should make his arrangements for it. In most of the Northern states an exaggerated feeling of discouragement still pervades the growers of fine wool. Many of them wintered their flocks poorly last winter, on the ground that they could not afford to feed them well—and probably will do the same this winter. This in our opinion is a cruel and suicidal policy. Less returns are thus obtained from a given amount of food. Thirty half-starved sheep will produce less good merchantable wool than twenty properly kept ones; will lose twice or three times as many by death; and will not raise half as many lambs. And what farmer possessing a spark of humanity is willing to see these poor defenceless animals slowly growing thinner and weaker—all of them tottering before March closes—many of the in-lambed ewes incapable of rising with their burthen, and dying in parturition. A more painful spectacle of brute suffering than a flock in such condition near the close of winter cannot be witnessed, and we believe that morality has a voice in this matter as well as humanity.

Every flock master who has more sheep than he can keep properly or sell, should kill the surplus when winter sets in, if he gets nothing from them but the pelts.—*Dr. Randall, in Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Do not lightly doubt your own genius, but have strong faith in your inspiration.—*Frederic R. Marvin.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 109 letters.
My 1, 19, 28, 49, 62, 82, 108, is a plant.
My 4, 70, 89, 100, 21, 47, 2, is a bird.
My 8, 52, 61, 32, 3, 40, 99, is a mineral.
My 17, 107, 78, 57, 27, 12, 46, is an animal.
My 23, 6, 13, 31, 58, 34, 97, is a fish.
My 26, 16, 55, 5, 104, 60, 50, is a flower.
My 35, 20, 25, 2, 103, 94, 83, is a plant.
My 39, 70, 65, 63, 79, 15, 7, is a fruit.
My 42, 88, 14, 36, 63, 106, 56, is a plant.
My 48, 3, 105, 70, 8, 91, 11, is a tree.
My 55, 28, 18, 44, 86, 64, 51, is a water fowl.
My 66, 24, 25, 71, 58, 19, 59, is an animal.
My 75, 39, 21, 96, 45, 101, 41, is an animal.
My 79, 6, 46, 53, 50, 13, 84, is a fruit.
My 87, 38, 52, 74, 61, 68, 29, is a bird.
My 90, 63, 79, 37, 73, 28, 89, is a flower.
My 93, 58, 57, 41, 72, 30, 40, is a water fowl.
My 98, 59, 42, 9, 33, 13, 77, is a flower.
My 102, 81, 40, 64, 54, 67, 76, is a plant.
My 106, 85, 98, 69, 80, 69, 4, is an animal.
My 109, 92, 29, 70, 19, 28, 51, is a fish.
My whole is a poetic quotation.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Riddle.

My 1st in sell, but not in keep.
My 2d is in wake, but not in sleep.
My 3d is in all, but not in none.
My 4th is in limb, but not in bone.
My 5th is in light, but not in dark.
My 6th is in Noah, but not in ark.
My 7th is in weep, but not in sing.
My whole is a bird that is fleet of wing.

Kirtland, Ohio. MINNIE.

Probability Problem.

Supposing the 26 letters of the English alphabet, together with the sign "&," (thus making 27 characters in all) are placed singly in a wheel, well shaken and rolled over to have them thoroughly mixed, and then therefrom 9 characters are drawn out at random, what is the chance that these 9 drawn of the whole 27 will come out consecutively, one after the other, and the conjunctive & at the right place, as they are wanted to spell "John & Mary?" X.

Algebraical Problem.

There are two casks, one of which contains 25 gallons of wine, and the other contains 36 gallons of water. There are also two measures, whose capacities are 5 and 7 gallons respectively. The larger measure is filled from the first cask and the smaller is filled from the second, and then the larger measure is emptied into the second cask and the smaller is emptied into the first. The *smaller* measure is filled from the first cask and the larger is filled from the second, and then the larger measure is emptied into the first cask and the smaller is emptied into the second.

Required—the quantity of wine in each cask after 6 compound transfers like the one described above.

☞ Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Con. for a Sketcher.—When an artist visits a picturesque locality, why is the proceeding like an undecided prize-fight? Ans.—Because it results in a draw.

☞ When did Strasbourgh resemble a pea? Ans.—When it was being shelled.

☞ Why are feather dusters like a man's beard? Ans.—Because they are whiskers.

☞ What is the pleasantest kind of husbandry? Ans.—Destroying a widow's weeds.

☞ Why did not the French go to Berlin? Ans.—Because the Prussians charged them too much.

☞ What trade is most suitable for a drowning man? Ans.—Die-sinking.

☞ An exchange gets off the following horrible con.:—"Why is an empty champagne bottle like an orphan? Ans.—Because it has lost its 'pop.'"

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven." RIDDLE.—Blue-bird.

RECEIPTS.

Apple Jelly.—Slice whole apples, (cores, parings and all); cook them with just water enough to cover them till reduced to a soft pulp. Take the rind and juice of four lemons; strain this pulp, (not squeezing much or going over it twice) add the lemons, measure pint for pound white sugar; let it boil half an hour, and turn into forms. Quince, &c., the same way.

Birdsnest Pudding.—Peel apples, and cover the bottom of a pie-dish with them whole; pour over them a batter, or custard, more or less rich according to circumstances, and bake in a quick oven.

Spice Gingerbread.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of moist sugar, four ounces of candied orange or lemon peel, cut small, one ounce of powdered ginger, two ounces of powdered allspice, half an ounce of powdered cinnamon, a handful a carraway seeds, and three pounds of treacle; rub the butter with your hand into the flour, then add the other ingredients, and mix it in the dough with the treacle; make it into cakes or nuts, and bake it in a warm oven.

To Clean Black Lace.—Sponge the lace carefully with green tea or gin, and wind it round and round a bottle to dry, for if touched with an iron it would look glossy and flattened. Some people fill the bottle with warm water, which causes the lace to dry more quickly. It must not be placed near the fire, as it would give it a rusty appearance.

It may be convenient to know a ready method of closing up cracks, which are not uncommon in cast-iron stoves; and we are assured that the following receipt is a reliable one: Good wood ashes are to be sifted through a fine sieve, to which is added the same quantity of clay, finely pulverised, together with a little salt. The mixture is to moistened with water enough to make a paste, and the crack of the stove filled with it. This cement does not peel off or break away, and assumes an extreme degree of hardness after being heated. The stove must be cool when the application is made. The same substance may be used in setting in the plates of a stove, or in fitting stove pipes, serving to render all the joints perfectly tight.

Alum Gingerbread.—1 cup molasses, 1 of milk, half cup butter, 1 teaspoonful alum, 2 of soda, large spoonful ginger, flour enough to roll out; bake in sheets.